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LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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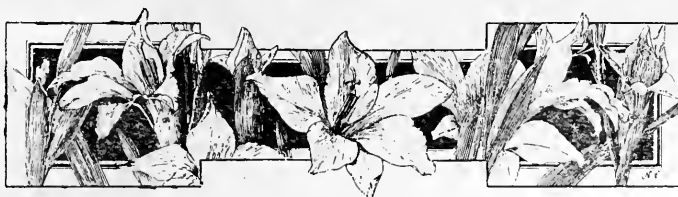
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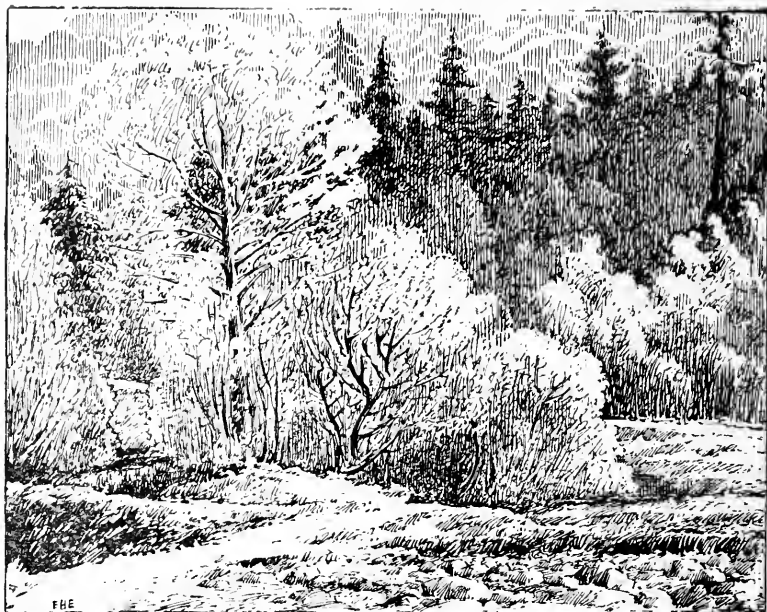
## ONE MOMENT

### *A Love Sonnet*

How rich that moment was when you and I,  
Sat in that garden on that step of stone;  
When golden throbb'd the stars in summer's sky,  
In perfumed darkness, you and I, alone.  
When met our lips my heart forgot to beat,  
For time itself that moment ceased to be;  
In that one kiss the past did future meet,  
And made the present all in all to me.  
True, for one moment only, yet for one;  
To land of dreams the gates were open wide,  
More than was known that kiss for me had done;  
Yet must a mask that moment's rapture hide:  
Since love one moment in that kiss was mine,  
In my heart-beats is love forever thine!

*Alfred Lambourne.*





## The Festival of the Trees

The Trees held a festival one Summer night  
Where they all danced and flirted with youthful delight;  
There was tall, graceful Aspen with shimmering gown,  
And trim, haughty Spruce with his stockings of brown;  
And bashful young balsam whose flounces looked fine  
As she whispered sweet nothings to lordly Red Pine.  
These folk bent and swayed to the lilt of the tune  
That the orchestra brooklet continued to croon.  
Blue Spruce whispered low as Miss Aspen bent near,  
"I've a wonderful secret to tell you, my dear.  
I love you tonight in your silvery dress,  
Your quivering lips I should love to caress."  
Miss Aspen looked up to the darkening skies  
Her limbs all atremble with blissful surprise,  
But e'er she could answer Red Pine softly said,  
As he gazed at the tresses on shy Balsam's head,  
"Ah, dearest, your breath is of heaven tonight,  
Your velvety garments look rich in this light.  
I know I am rough but my heart beats for you  
And the heart of a Pine is a strong heart and true."  
Each tree sighed and sighed for the others' fair charms  
Till the breeze came and gave them to each others' arms.

When the moon rose that night o'er the far distant crest  
She smiled when she saw them all peaceful—at rest.  
She stretched them a tent of a gossamer blue  
And sprinkled their eye-lids with sweet-scented dew.

HARRISON R. MERRILL,

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXVII

JANUARY, 1924

No. 3.

## A NEW YEAR THOUGHT

BY BERTHA A. KLEINMAN

I build no plans for the rainy day,  
Lest, born of my self-same plan,  
My sunny day should turn to grey  
And answer me, ban for ban.

I sing no song to the lonely trail,  
Lest somewhere my doleful tone  
Shall gather the notes of a dirging wail,  
And leave me singing alone.

I scheme no scheme for the friendless years,  
Lest into the day, somehow,  
Some cryptic spell shall weave my fears  
And sever my friendships now.

Why plan for days when rain must fall—  
For dirge and doubt and snare!  
I dream my dream of the good things all  
That are mine, if I build them there.

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# CHRIST IN THE BOOK OF MORMON

## His Appearance on the American Continent

BY B. H. ROBERTS, OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF SEVENTY AND  
PRESIDENT OF THE EASTERN STATES MISSION

*Read by Sister La Preal Jones, at the Cumorah Conference, afternoon of  
September 23, 1923*

*Golden Text:* And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd. (Jesus to the Pharisees, John 10:16.)

### *The Pre-Mortal Spirit Life of Christ*

Knowledge of the Christ in the Book of Mormon is both prophetic and historical. To appreciate the full value of its testimony prophetically, the fact of the pre-existence of the Christ—that is, his existence as a personal spirit before his birth into mortal life—should be set forth and emphasized. The beginning of Jesus Christ was not with his birth at Bethlehem, of Judea. The whole tenor of the New Testament, and certain definite utterances of the Christ himself is against that conception of origin. Jesus said to the Jews when Abraham rejoiced to see his (the Christ's) day, "and he saw it and was glad," the Jews said unto him: "Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?" And Christ solemnly answered:

*Verily, verily, I say unto you, before Abraham was, I am.* (St. John 8:58.)

When a number of his disciples complained of some, to them, hard sayings, the Christ answered:

*Doth this offend you? What and if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where he was before?* (St. John 6:61, 62.)

These intimations of existence in spirit life before existence in mortal life are in strict accord with the doctrines of the Christ's noble prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane:

And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was. (St. John 17:5.)

Also, all these sayings are in agreement with the preface of John's gospel:

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. \* \* \* That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. \* \* \* And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.

In the light of this passage, among those who accept the scripture, none can doubt the Deityship of the Christ, nor doubt of his pre-mortal existence; nor of his exercising world creating, and world sustaining power in that existence. If they should, then the following passage would surely be convincing:

God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds; who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. (Heb. 1:1-3.)

### *The Revelation of Christ to the Brother of Jared*

A very impressive revelation of the pre-mortal spirit of the Christ is given in the abridged record of the Jaredites placed in the collection of the Nephite records, by the Prophet Moroni, who revealed the existence of the Book of Mormon to Joseph Smith. The Jaredites were the first colony brought from the Old World to America. They came from the Tower of Babel about the time of the confusion of languages. At the beginning of their voyage over the ocean their prophet leader was awed at the prospect of making the journey in darkness—and such was the structure of their vessels that the journey would have been made in darkness unless some special means could be improvised by which they could be lighted—and hence he took sixteen stones and prayed unto the Lord that he would touch them and make them luminous to give light in the vessel during the journey. And as God, thus implored, did so, the prophet beheld the finger of God, whereupon he pleaded for a full revelation of God and it was granted.

"Behold," said the Spirit thus revealed, "this body, which ye now behold, is the body of my Spirit; and man have I created after the body of my Spirit; and even as I appear unto thee to be in the Spirit, will I appear unto my people in the flesh."

### *The Nephite Knowledge of Christ Through Visions and Revelations*

In addition to this revelation of the Christ in the Book of Mormon, the Prophet Lehi, 600 years before the birth of Christ, beheld him and his apostles in vision (I Nephi 1:9-11); and the mission of the Messiah was also made known to this prophet. He was told of a prophet whom the Lord would raise up among the Jews "even a Messiah \* \* \* a Savior of the world." "And he [Lehi] also spake concerning the prophets, how great a number had testified of these things concerning the Messiah, \* \* \* this Redeemer of the world." (I Nephi 10:4, 5.)

To Nephi, the son of the above Lehi, was given in prophetic vision an outline of the whole life of the Christ, from virgin birth to the crucifixion; and to his resurrection and his appearance in the west-

ern world after his resurrection (I Nephi chaps. 11 and 12). The mortal life name of the Messiah was also revealed to him—Jesus Christ, the Son of God. (II Nephi 25:19.) All through the Nephite record—the Book of Mormon—this knowledge of the mortal life of the Christ and of his redemptive work appears. (See especially Mosiah, chap. 3; also Mosiah 18:2; Alma 18:34; Alma 21:7-9; Helaman chap. 14.)

The birth of Christ to the Nephites—the ancient people of America—was manifested in a most singular and beautiful manner. It was signified to them in the fulfilment of one of their prophetic utterances of one of their prophets, (one Samuel) by the appearance of “great lights in heaven, insomuch that in the night before he cometh there shall be no darkness, insomuch that it shall appear unto man as if it were day. Therefore, there shall be one day and a night, and a day, as if it were one day, and there were no night, and this shall be unto you a sign; for ye shall know of the rising of the sun, and also of its setting; therefore, they shall know of a surety that there shall be two days and a night; nevertheless, the night shall not be darkened; and it shall be the night before he is born. And behold, there shall a new star arise, such an one as ye never have beheld, and this also shall be a sign unto you.” (Helaman 14:3-5.) This is the prophecy, and it was literally fulfilled. (III Nephi Chap. 1.)

### *Advent of the Risen Christ Among the Nephites*

Finally came the fulfilment of all the prophecies concerning the appearance of the Christ to the people of the Western World. And this is the manner of it:

The signs of the Christ's crucifixion to the people of the American continent was a three hour period of terrific storm and tempest and earthquake by which whole cities were destroyed, shore lines sunken, mountains rent and upheaved, and such cataclysmic destruction and changes wrought in the earth as perhaps were never before known to man. This was followed by three days of terrible darkness, during the three days that the Christ lay in the tomb. A time during which the lamentation and cries and moaning of the people were heard through the land. Then the reproving voice of God was tremulously heard through the land, upbraiding the people for their sins and announcing the doom of a fallen people and the destruction of their cities. Then came surcease of all this, and the remnant of the people who survived this period of destruction, as they were assembled about a temple in the land by them called Bountiful, and were talking of all the mighty changes that had taken place in the land, and of this Jesus Christ of whom all these things that had taken place were signs—

It came to pass that while they were thus conversing one with another, they heard a voice as if it came out of heaven; and they cast their eyes round about, for they understood not the voice which they heard; and it



was not a harsh voice, neither was it a loud voice; nevertheless, and notwithstanding it being a small voice, it did pierce them that did hear to the centre, insomuch that there was no part of their frame that it did not cause to quake; yea, it did pierce them to the very soul, and did cause their hearts to burn.

And it came to pass that again they heard the voice, and they understood it not;

And again the third time they did hear the voice, and did open their ears to hear it; and their eyes were towards the sound thereof; and they did look steadfastly towards heaven; from whence the sound came;

And behold the third time they did understand the voice which they heard and it said unto them,

Behold my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, in whom I have glorified my name: hear ye him.

And it came to pass as they understood, they cast their eyes up again towards heaven; and behold, they saw a man descending out of heaven; and he was clothed in a white robe, and he came down and stood in the midst of them, and the eyes of the whole multitude were turned upon him, and they durst not open their mouths, even one to another, and wist not what it meant, for they thought it was an angel that had appeared unto them.

And it came to pass that he stretched forth his hand and spake unto the people, saying;

Behold, I am Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified shall come into the world;

And behold, I am the light and the life of the world: and I have drunk out of that bitter cup which the Father hath given me, and have glorified the Father in taking upon me the sins of the world, in which I have suffered the will of the Father in all things from the beginning.

And it came to pass that when Jesus had spoken these words, the whole multitude fell to the earth, for they remembered that it had been prophesied among them that Christ should show himself to them after his ascension into heaven. (III Nephi 11:3-12).

### *Concluding Reflections*

Thus the risen Christ visited the Western world, made known himself unto them; made known to them God's plan for man's salvation; taught them the fulness of the gospel; organized his Church among them; and gave them the same moral and spiritual laws that he had given to the people of the Eastern lands—placed them in the way of salvation; and the Church, so established, reaped a rich harvest of souls through a golden age of some three hundred years; then came departure from the way of righteousness, apostasy from God, wreckage of civilization, anarchy, ultimate barbarism! They reaped the full harvest of their apostasy from God. They sowed the wind, they reaped the whirlwind. The condition in which their posterity were found by the Europeans when they discovered them late in the fourteenth century A. D.—a state of barbarism, and their melancholy history under Gentile nation domination, since that event discloses, indeed,

"How blessings vanish, when man from God has strayed."

But by this revelation of what God did for the people of the Western world—making known the truth to them; making known the gospel to them—the covenant of everlasting life which God, who

cannot lie, promised before the world began; sending the risen Christ to them, that they might hear his voice and be brought to a knowledge of God, and led into the one fold of Christ—all this vindicates the justice and the mercy of God to the joy of all those who contemplate these high things, and become an added message concerning the hand-dealings of God toward men that is of great value—a new found "Fifth Gospel," to be joined to the four Gospels of the New Testament, that makes for the increase of the witnesses of God that Jesus is the Christ, the Eternal God, manifesting himself to all nations as the Savior of the world and the Savior of men individually that dwell therein, to the praise of his Majesty, and to the glory of his name forever and forever.

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## The Indian Maid

An Indian maid in blankets gay,  
Sat on a city street one day,  
Watching with mystic, wondering eye  
The stream of traffic rolling by.

Youth laughed to see her squatted down  
On the busiest corner of the town;  
While men and women looked around  
At the gaudy figure on the ground.

And White Cloud watched 'mid dust and din,  
The promenade of greed and sin,  
Of folly, trade and charity,  
And wealth and pleading poverty.

Watched with eyes shot deep with scorn,  
Yet tranquil as the blush of morn;  
Watched the world White Man had made,  
The world of hurry and worry and trade.

She feels the pavements, dirty and hard,  
And looks at men's faces still more hard,  
And she wonders where the ponies are,  
As she follows the honking motor car.

She looks for the sky, the clouds, the trees,  
But smoke and stone are all she sees;  
She listens in vain for the singing streams,  
That weave about her pleasant dreams.

Alone she sits, this Indian maid,  
In the heart of the world that man has made;  
And she longs for the freedom of the hills,  
The camp fire, whispering woods, and rills;  
The mountains, plains, the drooping sun,  
And the rest that comes when the day is done.

*Lethbridge, Canada*

FRANK C. STEELE

# THE BOOK OF III NEPHI

BY JAMES H. ANDERSON

To those who have given the book here referred to but casual attention, the title means little. Yet that book is one of the most remarkable ever put into print. A historical setting thereto is essential to a fair recognition of its value as a record, as the historical setting is necessary to a fair understanding of the lessons in the four gospels of the New Testament. For the words of this statement of cotemporary events for the Book of III Nephi, I have hoped that a more facile pen than mine would be employed; and but that I am called on to do so I would not now venture to write an intimation or even a skeleton thereof.

Remarkable in its clearness and additional light on the Savior's teachings as recorded in the New Testament, and its complete harmony therewith, this book ranks with the four gospels; to which, measured by its contents, there yet may be added the record of the Savior's ministry among the ten tribes and that of his visit to the Prophet Joseph Smith in latter times, all of these comprising a full scriptural quota of seven gospels bearing witness to Christ's ministry since his coming in the flesh.

For the style and matter of the book, no such direct and graphic narrative could have been written by other than an inspired participant in the events therein recorded. Therefore it is with a feeling of deep humility that I present the skeleton of a historical setting for contemplation by students of the book; in the hope that some benefit may come to the membership of the great Mutual Improvement Association organization which has included it in its reading course for the current season.

## *The Birth*

It was the year B. C. 1. The "grandeur that was Rome" was at its zenith. Palestine was an obscure province of the empire of the Caesars. The great prosperity of the Jewish nation had passed into history. A cruel and relentless king, Herod, not of the royal house of David, ruled by sufferance of the emperor Augustus, and oppressed the people, laying upon them heavy taxes. The whole land was full of murmuring, and discontent, and dread. Deep down in every sincere Jewish heart was a secret hope; for the time was well nigh fulfilled when, according to their prophets, a king of the house of David, greater than David in battle, and more glorious than Solomon in all his glory, should be born to the nation. In all Palestine the whisper was passing from one drooping spirit to another, "Patience, the kingdom of Messiah is at hand."

It was the time of the Passover, and the people were gathered by

royal edict, "every man to the city of his own family," there to register for taxation. It was not safe to speak openly of the expected Messiah; but out among the hills and on the plains, with darkness shutting them in, the burdened people could while away the chilly hours with talking of passing events, and of that promised king who, their teachers said in secret, was soon to appear to crush their enemies.

Thus it was when, on the evening of April 5, according to our modern reckoning, shepherds were watching their flocks in Bethlehem's fields, and spending undisturbed moments in supplications to Israel's God. The night wore on into the small morning hours of April 6. The early dawn was approaching; the watchers were growing drowsy; and their talk had fallen into slow sentences. Suddenly, a great light, brighter than that of the sun which had sunken below the horizon hours ago, shone upon them with a strange splendor. They were filled with fear at the terrible, unknown glory. Quickly an angel, who had appeared in the unusual light as it streamed from the heavens, bade them to "fear not," and announced the birth of "a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

At the same period of time, on the distant continent of America, then unknown to the people of the old world generally, and about seven and one half hours later than at Jerusalem in the day's reckoning, there was being enacted another wonderful scene of the heavenly splendor. The central point of habitation on the western hemisphere then was near the isthmus joining North and South America. Six hundred years previously a colony had left Jerusalem, under divine instruction. These people had increased in number from generation to generation, and had spread to the lands northward and southward. The time had arrived when, according to their prophets, there should be born in the flesh the Son of God, the promised Messiah.

The people were divided into two general groups. One, and this the more numerous, was plunged deeply into unbelief in the divine promises, and consequently was filled with the spirit of intolerance and cruel persecution toward those more devout. The other, though trusting in the divine word, yet was greatly depressed by the intention and threat of enemies to put them to death if the predicted heavenly sign should not materialize promptly.

April 5, B. C. 1, by our modern reckoning, had come. The promised sign was that there should be two days and a night between when there should be no darkness, and a new star should be visible. The leader of the imperiled believers was in dire distress, but his faith in the God of Israel did not weaken. All day long he pleaded before God in mighty prayer. The heavenly answer came: "On the morrow come I into the world." At the going down of the sun that evening, all was light as day, and continued so until morning, when the sun again rose in its usual course. A new star also appeared in the heavens, its brilliance such as had never before been seen. The faithful believers in the divine plan rejoiced. They knew that their

Redeemer was born, and that the great plan of salvation had entered its most glorious phase. God, the great Jehovah, was tabernacled in the flesh. The unbelievers of that time, foiled in their murderous purpose, were filled with amazement and dread.

Of the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, not a secular historian has left a word of record; it was of too little significance from their point of view. Only in the word of God, written by holy men and sincere believers on both hemispheres, is it told of; and yet it is imperishably recorded by the events of every subsequent century in the world's history.

"Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Not so with this child. Humbly born, his birthplace a stable and his cradle a manger, in a village in an obscure Roman province, his name outranks all those of the greatest men of the powerful and brilliant Roman empire, or of any other that the world has known or knows, and from his nativity are dated all the centuries which have followed: How truly prophetic: "The stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner"—Jesus, the Babe of Bethlehem, the Light of the World.

### *The Death*

Thirty-three years passed away. In the Old World there were millions of people not of the children of Jacob, who also is named Israel; with none of these did the Savior pass his mortal life. His days were spent among "Judah and the house of Israel, his companions," and two-and-a-half tribes of Israel whose descendants had remained in Palestine.

The story of his ministry, his miracles, his sufferings, and his death, in the New Testament, is known to every student of sacred history. At his crucifixion there was a brief spell of a darkened afternoon, and subsequently a sharp earthquake shock marked by the rending of the veil of the temple at Jerusalem and the rolling of the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre where the body of Jesus had been laid. Three days from the crucifixion came the most wonderful and far-reaching miracle of all the ages; the resurrection of the crucified Redeemer, and the bursting of the bands of death for all mankind. A heavenly messenger made the announcement:

"Ye seek Jesus which was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, as he said."

Not only did there come forth Jesus, the risen Christ, but other graves gave up their dead, "and many bodies of the saints which slept, arose," and "appeared unto many."

On the American continent, the latter part of the thirty-three years' period named witnessed wars and prevailing corruption among the people there, who mostly had crowded into the vicinity of the isthmus

joining North and South America. They were all of one race—a remnant of the house of Jacob. Their chief progenitor, head of the colony coming from Jerusalem 600 B. C., says he was of the tribe of Manasseh.

The commencing hour of the Savior's suffering on the cross is given in the New Testament as "the sixth hour," that is, twelve o'clock noon at Jerusalem, as we compute time. With the mass of dwellers on the western hemisphere, it was about seven-and-a-half hours earlier in the day, or about four-thirty a.m., just before the hour of dawn. With appalling vehemence and suddenness there burst upon that part of the earth the most awful storm of which history gives record. "All that ever was told of the loudest thunder, all that ever was seen of the most vivid lightning, fails to picture the terrific visitation." Fierce shocks of earthquake shattered mountain and plain, demolishing or burying villages and cities. Molten lava from great volcanoes consumed other cities with devastating flames. Still other populated centers along the sea coasts were engulfed by prodigious tidal waves.

Three hours did nature's fiercest carnage continue, changing the whole face of the land. Few cities escaped complete destruction. Darkness settled over all that section of the continent for possibly 300 miles or more either way from the center of the disturbance. This darkness continued the day of the storm, the next day, and the next, for approximately 50 hours, clearing somewhat during the night following the third day, so that it was the morning of the fourth day when the sun became visible.

During those three days, people who escaped with their lives "could feel the vapor of darkness," so dense was the element in the atmosphere which obscured the sun, the moon, and the stars by its impenetrable mist. In the midst of this scene came a miraculous heavenly voice to the terror-stricken survivors:

"I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God \* \* \* I am the Life and the Light of the world."

With the resurrection of the Savior on the eastern hemisphere there also was a resurrection of numbers who had died; also on the western hemisphere "many saints did arise and appear unto many and did minister unto them."

This three days' darkness was local, yet reached over an extended area. Does the historian who records it present substantial natural cause for the remarkable phenomenon? In recent years there have been notable earthquakes and volcanic outbursts, although of much less violence than the one just referred to. In one of these in Alaska, in June, 1912, where but one volcano, that of Mount Katmai, was involved in the earthquake and upheaval, it is recorded in the *National Geographic Magazine*, for February, 1913, that midnight blackness in the daytime extended over several thousand square miles, lasting "for 60 hours at Kodiak, 100 miles from the volcano." The buildings of the navy wireless station on Wood island were struck by lightning

during the night of June 7, in the midst of the period of darkness, which "at the time was so intense that the flames could not be seen from the mission less than quarter of a mile away. Another instance of several that can be named if it were necessary, is that of Tomboro, on the island of Sumbawa, east of Java, when "darkness lasted for three consecutive days at a distance of over 300 miles." Krakatoa, near Sumatra, in 1883, Mayon, in the Philippines, in December, 1888, and Santa Maria, in Guatemala, Oct. 24, 1902, were of similar type, though less extensive in their effects.

In the year A. D., 1830, there was no possible human means by which the translator of the record that relates the events of A. D. 33 in the central part of the American continent, could have known that a condition-precedent to the three days darkness was the terrific upheaval in nature which he also recites. His only possible source of information was an actual history of that time—a history which he was translating by "the gift and power of God."

### *The Teachings*

The three years' ministry of Jesus in Palestine, prior to his crucifixion, presents a code of instruction for a life of infinite scope. After his resurrection, the most notable lessons, as recorded in the New Testament, are his victory over death, and the immortality of mankind entabernacled in temples of flesh and bones. In visits for forty days, and appearances to a number of his disciples totaling less than a thousand, these lessons were visualized in most emphatic form, to every human sense. Then he "ascended on high" in culmination of his testimony of his triumph over the mortal sphere.

On the western hemisphere, the teachings which he had given in Palestine took on an even more impressive form, being reiterated by the resurrected, visible Christ as Redeemer and Lord. In many particulars the American record makes those teachings clearer and more specific than does the New Testament, yet not changed or added word affords the slightest shadow of conflict.

As might be reasonably expected when brought into activity by a resurrected, glorified Savior, the miraculous manifestations in the New World exhibit an inspiration and grandeur surpassing even the marvelous display of divine power in the miracles of Jesus as recorded by the historians of the New Testament. As illustration of this, note when the assembled multitude of about two thousand five hundred people brought little children for the Savior's blessing, and "angels descended out of heaven as if it were in the midst of fire; and they came down and encircled those little ones about; and they were encircled about with fire, and the angels did minister unto them."

There is yet another fact to be considered in connection with the teaching of Jesus as given in the New Testament. On the occasion when he passed over toward Tyre and Sidon, a "woman of

Canaan" besought from him a blessing. Her urgent manner called forth the response:

"I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

This is usually understood as referring to the Jews remaining in Palestine, as it did; for the record tells only of his ministry among the two tribes. But the latter were not all of "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." The Bible names three important divisions of these: "Judah and the house of Israel his companions," or the two tribes; "the remnant of Jacob," or a branch broken off, and apart from either of the others; and "Ephraim and the house of Israel his companions," or the remaining ten tribes.

The Jews were by no means the larger of these three divisions, and without visiting each of these divisions Jesus, by his own words, could not have completed the mission on which he was "sent," namely, to those "lost sheep of the house of Israel" other than the Jews. The historian of the Savior's visit to the western hemisphere gives the only record extant of the visit Jesus made to "the remnant of Jacob" in what is now known as America, and of his announced intention to visit the ten tribes who had disappeared into "the north countries" of the Old World. In this day we have the record of the visit of the Redeemer to two of the three divisions of the "sheep of the house of Israel;" that of the visit to the third division: the ten tribes, is now soon to be forthcoming, as stated in prophecy.

### *The Prophecies*

Predictions as to future events which the historians of the New Testament record as having been made by the Lord Jesus have been receiving a measure of fulfilment in the history of the world ever since the days of his ministry in Palestine, and the fulfilment of these prophecies is being greatly augmented in the events of recent years, as they pertain to both the Old world and the New.

The record made in America, however, is plainer and more definite and detailed than that preserved to us in the Bible, particularly as it relates to the western hemisphere. For instance, in common human history the small area of the country known as Palestine is spoken of as "the promised land;" whereas America, a "land choice above all other lands," is at least equally suitable with the Holy land in its balmyest days for "a land of promise" to chosen Israel. The voice of ancient prophecy proclaims a "new Jerusalem" in the latter days. The old Jerusalem is to be rebuilt; but though rebuilt, it is still the old Jerusalem in its location. But this record of the Savior's visit to the western hemisphere proclaims that the new Jerusalem is to be built in America, "the land choice above all other lands," and goes on to tell who actually shall build the city around the temple in Zion now designated by modern revelation—a work in which the Jews are not the foremost participants.

This fact is but one of the many in the record of the Savior's



ministry in this land which brings, to those who would be well informed on the meaning of the present portentous events, some realization of the imperative necessity of studying well the prophecies in this record and observing closely their corollary in the notable occurrences of today. Therefore, view it as we will, no one who would have a clear mental grasp of the "signs of the times" in this age can obtain the same satisfactorily, except by a close and intelligent reading of the Book of III Nephi, in connection with the events of current history.

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## Father and Mother and Child

Enshrined in the album of memory,  
Is the picture of mother's dear face;  
The vision appears in my reverie,  
As I turn the leaves backward—apace.  
'Tis a picture she gave me in childhood  
And stamped it on the film of the soul;  
Of devotion she gave her full measure,  
When her love let her life pay the toll.

There's a picture of father and mother,  
When I turn the leaves backward, I see;  
Encircled in a couplet together,  
As a father and mother should be;  
And I hear the dear Lord's benediction,  
On their service so constant and mild;  
For the unit of all His creation,  
Is a father and mother and child.

May I, in the album of memory,  
For like service in life find a place;  
May its leaves be turned backward by loved ones.  
Till they find in it their father's dear face,  
And may they find beside him another,  
Both enwreathed in a garland of love—  
The dear face of an angel—their mother—  
To safeguard them to mansions above.

*Mesa, Arizona*

M. A. STEWART.

# DADDY'S REAL CHRISTMAS

BY ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN CARROLL

Winder sat where the messenger boy had left him with the telegram spread out before him on the desk. His eyes still stared at the line of typewritten characters, but to his brain they were no longer a half dozen innocent symbols. They had malignantly merged into the one hideous word RUINED.

Outside the pale December sunlight was beginning to slant from the west and Peters with growing impatience waited in the big car at the curb.

Suddenly the telephone at Winder's side jangled. From force of habit he plumped the receiver to his ear and called out a mechanical, "Hello?"

"Hello, Daddy, this is Floss. I was so afraid that Peters had got there and that you would be on your way home. Say, Dad, I have just been down town. Siegal's have a new lot of Hudson Bay furs in. There is one beauty of a set that I am just wild about. It is in the southeast corner of their biggest show window. It's the only dark brown sable there. Daddy, won't you call and see it on your way home? I'm simply crazy for that set. My old furs would do all right around home, but you know I'm going to spend New Years with Mabel Dayton. Please have Peters stop on your way home and let you see them. They only cost three hundred and fifty dollars and are lots niftier than Kate Callister's that she paid five hundred for. I know I told you I wanted a new platinum ring for Christmas—but I do so want those furs, so if—I can't have both—but you're such an old dear, Daddy, and you only have one little girl. Mother is calling. Don't forget—Siegal's." He heard the receiver bang at the other end of the line. His hands groped a little as they left the receiver and it was a few seconds before he realized that one of them rested on an unopened letter which had been brought in just before the telegram. He had recognized Ted's scrawl as he had laid it aside to take the telegram. Now he opened it and spread out the loosely written page:

Kappa Beta Frat House,  
Ithaca, New York,  
December 20, 19-----

*Dear Dad:*—When I was home for Thanksgiving, I told you that a Dodge runabout would be all right for my Christmas this year. But all the guys around here run the Nash. They cost a little more but couldn't you make it a Nash roadster? I'm going to bring two of the fellows home with me for Sis' house-party on Christmas. It would be ducedly decent of you if you could have the car there to meet us at the station Christmas Eve. We'll be in on the 6:09 p. m.

Love to the Mater and Sis,

*Ted.*

Spasmodically Winder's hand closed over the letter crushing it

into an unsightly wad. The grey lines perceptibly deepened in his forehead.

Outside Peters was looking alternately at his watch and at the office door. At length he ventured a subdued honk.

At the sound Winder gave a start. Then resolutely he pulled himself together. Picking up the telegram he read it again slowly to make sure he had made no mistake:

San Ferda, South America,

Dec. 24, 19.....

Mr. J. E. Winder, Wilmot, N. Y.:—Argentina Consolidated refuses offer.  
T. F. Tilton.

Yes, that message with the recent collapse of the Australian project certainly meant complete ruin. And the enterprise had seemed so sure and such an unparalleled opportunity that he had staked every available asset on it. At that time it had also seemed impossible for the Australian concern to go under. Every indication had been that the two investments were absolutely sure. And now!

He could bear the crash himself—but Marian and Flossie and the boys! His head went dizzy when he thought of breaking the news to them.

Well, he might as well get it over with. By morning probably the papers would have the story. He had kept the Australian disaster out, but it had cost him a good sum, and there was no money with which to pacify the newsmongers now.

His step was a bit uncertain as he went for his coat and hat, and as he passed into the outer office. The incessant click of the typewriters, the brisk energy of the men at the various desks, the very atmosphere of efficiency and success which pervaded the entire office only added to the sickening weight that seemed crushing him. Dully he recalled the thrills of pride and satisfaction he had experienced in bringing that office, and the business for which it stood, up to the standard of his dreams. It had been his life's work—and now it yawned before him a sickening failure. Today he was a ruined man. Tomorrow these men and women whose glances and greetings were redolent with respect and admiration—tomorrow they would know. He hurried toward the outer door.

Peters deferentially stepped to the ground and held the car door open for him. Before closing it he fumbled in his pocket and drew out a note.

"Master Jimmy asked me to give this to you, sir."

As the big car purred down the street, Winder read the scrawl from his younger son.

Dad:—I'm going skating with the fellows this afternoon and won't see you at dinner. You won't forget my watch and motor, will you?

Jim.

The grey lines on Winder's face began to harden. Christmas! Christmas! A two thousand dollar roadster for Ted; five hundred for

a ring and furs for Floss; three hundred for Jim and Marian—he had written her a five thousand dollar check every Christmas morning for the last ten years. Christmas! And he was going home to tell them that he was ruined! He huddled miserably in the far corner of the seat utterly sick and wretched.

The big car whirled down Madison Street, past Jackson and Fifth and then onto Main. Siegal's glaring sign, "HUDSON BAY FURS" seemed to flash at him accusingly. He closed his eyes and wished it were possible for a man to sink into oblivion at will.

Presently they were turning up Kimberly. He sat up with a start, as the massive pillars of his own palatial residence came into view. He was seized with a sudden frenzy. He could not go home! He could not face Marian and Floss. They were busy with preparations for Flossie's big house party now.

Wildly he tapped for Peters.

"I'd forgotten, Peters—I have—an appointment." His voice sounded thick and unnatural. He wondered if Peters were aware of the wild plan that was rapidly forming in his mind.

"Drive me to the end of Garrison Avenue." Automatically the chauffeur obeyed. They left the sky-scrapers of the city behind and soon came in sight of the long squalid rows of tenement houses huddled back a little from the great smoke-begrimed factory that stood near the banks of the river.

Peters dutifully opened the door. His features, disciplined by years of service, today could not hide his growing wonder.

"I'm to wait, sir?"

"No—no, Peters. I—I have some—some matters of business to talk over with a—with the manager of the factory. It may take some time, so I shall take the trolley back to town. Mrs. Winder may need the car." He turned and took a few quick steps toward the river, then stopped and wheeled abruptly and held out his hand to the amazed Peters.

"Goodbye, Peters. I—I hope you—have a Happy Christmas." The chauffeur tipped his cap and got back into the car. He sat a moment irresolutely, then as Winder took long strides toward one of the factory buildings he started toward the city.

## II.

As soon as Peters was out of sight, Winder turned again toward the river. His brain was a bit dazed but he was sure of one purpose—oblivion! To lose himself, before his family, before the world knew. He tried to reason with himself that it was a cowardly thing to do, but his will seemed helpless to suggest any other solution to his wretchedness.

The river! That had appealed to him as the surest, least troublesome way. Perhaps they would never find him. So much the better.

This river bank had been a familiar friend of his childhood. His boyhood days had been spent on a little farm across on the opposite

side in sight of the spot where the factory had since sprung up and changed the calm, beautiful countryside into a smoky squalid slum.

With memories surging through the dense gloom of his present misery, he pushed his way through the brush which still guarded a few strips of the river bank. He recalled the old swimming parties he had had there with his boyhood pals; the picnics of later years. It was while they were sitting in a fairy nook on the river bank twenty-five years ago that he had told his love to Marian. How simple and sweet life had been in that springtime! They had planned their future in love's own blissful fashion—and money had had little to do with the planning. Five thousand dollars—their joint savings for five years—was to make a payment on their little home, and furnish it, and buy the trousseau and rent an office. It had seemed a small fortune then—and today he was going to lose himself in the river because he could not write Marian a five thousand dollar check for a Christmas present.

How far they had grown from that simple, happy past? He wondered dully if Marian ever thought of those old carefree days. Or had she become as lost in the complex maze of life as he. Why had he succeeded so easily in that first business venture? Why had success after success crowned his efforts only to end in this crushing defeat.

He pushed on, trying to ignore the haunting thoughts which crowded his consciousness.

The babies! How he had reveled in those years of bliss when Ned was a towseled-haired lad coming to him with every childish joy and sorrow, and when Flossie was a wee little cuddly mite of pink and white sweetness.

And he had dreamed great dreams for his children. But in spite of all his wealth—he was wondering now if perhaps because of it—each year the fruition of those dreams seemed farther and farther away. What did Ned and Floss and Jim care for him and his dreams? He stood to them only as a sort of money-bag to help them on their pleasure-seeking way.

It would be hard on them—the crash. But perhaps it would be the making of them. Their memory of him would, of course, always be a blotch. That thought made him shiver, but he kept pushing on through the brush.

Suddenly a gleam of red in a dark green cluster of green foliage caught his troubled eye. It was a bunch of Christmas berries! He remembered how he used to gather them for his mother. They served instead of holly to decorate the little home and the old church. He thought of the truck load of imported holly that had been delivered at his home that morning. How far indeed they had drifted from the old life.

At last the grey ripple of the river came to view. He gave a

little shudder as he realized anew his purpose. He would go a little farther down, below the falls where—where it would be surer.

He had almost reached the bend when he was halted by the sound of a woodman's ax. His first impulse was to retreat but when he lifted his eyes he found it was too late.

Not a hundred feet away stood a frightened boy, his ax still suspended in mid-air. Beside him lay a pile of green boughs gleaming with Christmas berries. The youngster was the first to recover himself. Slowly the ax came down.

"Mr. Lee—I'm—I'm sorry I didn't come to ask you for the berries. Janet made me promise I would. She was sure you'd let us have them when you knew what they was fur. But I—wasn't—so sure. They say you're old and rich and couldn't understand, so I—course, I know it wasn't right an' Janet'll never forgive me—but seein' they was so many berries I—I thought I'd take some without askin'."

The little fellow broke off and looked helplessly at Winder.

"I guess I could pay ye fur 'em," he continued as the newcomer seemed to have nothing to say. "I got \$1.65 me an' Janet saved fur the candy—but the kid 'll be awful disappointed. It won't seem like Christmas without no candy. Last Christmas they each got a half a stick an' we was hopin' we'd have enough fur a stick apiece this time."

Winder stepped cautiously nearer. He was afraid the pathetic little figure was going to prove an apparition.

"Would you mind telling me who the kids are, and why you were gathering the berries?" As the child's wide eyes searched his face they seemed to lose some of their terror.

"Why the kids is—oh, all of the kids you know—what ain't got dad's to play Santy Claus fur 'em. They's Mis' Melcher's twins, an' Sammy Dodge an' Widder Mulder's bunch, an' Kathie Daniels an' her little brother, an' the Crosby Kids an' the Misners, an' Sue Dalby's little girl. That's 'bout all I guess. They's twenty-seven this year—since ole man Misner got killed in the boiler room." There was a pause.

"You haven't told me yet what the berries are for," reminded Winder.

"Why, we use 'em to decorate the store room where we have the party. Mr. Jenkins, the janitor lets us use it every year. These here branches cover up the old looms an' things and Janet makes wreaths to hang around an' it makes the old place look swell."

"I see. You and this Janet seem to be engineering a Christmas party."

"Yep. We've done it the last four years. You see our pa got killed an' then our ma died just a little after—when I was a baby, so we know how it feels not to have no Christmas. It was Janet that thought about it. She felt sorry fur the kids so now we have a party every year. Once we had a tree instead of candy, but the kids didn't like it so well. Janet makes things fur 'em. She's got balls fur the

Melcher twins and picture books fur—well, she's got something fur every one. But it don't seem like Christmas without candy." The fear was gone from the little fellow's face now and his troubled gaze rested upon the heap of boughs. "If I could keep the \$1.65 fur the candy, mister, I could save up an' pay you fur the berries after while. He raised big, wistful eyes to Winder at which the tense misery in the man's breast seemed to snap. His own wretchedness was lost in sympathy for the appealing little chap before him. Why here was a real Christmas fairy. In listening to the child's narration he had felt the first genuine thrill he had known for years.

"Don't worry about the berries, lad; nor your candy money. How would you like—I mean—would you let me help you, just with this one Christmas party?" A sudden longing had swept the man for a few hours of old fashioned Christmas joy. The river, he told himself with a shudder would still be there at midnight.

"Have you ever had a Santa Claus at your parties?"

"Nope. It costs too much to buy the fixin's." The child was staring in delighted wonderment at him. "Do you mean it, Mr. Lee, or are you—say I don't believe you are *ole* Lee."

"No, my name isn't Lee, but I'll see that he doesn't bother you about the berries. You haven't told me what your name is yet."

"Everybody calls me Sandy."

"All right, Sandy. We'll have to get busy." Winder was looking at his watch. "It will be dark in less than an hour. There's a store up on 73rd Street, isn't there?"

"Yep. That's where I was goin' fur the candy as soon as I took the decorations to Janet. We don't never buy it till the last thing fur fear we couldn't help eatin' it."

"You say the party's to be in the factory store-room. That's on the north west corner isn't it? Now, you run along with the greens to Janet. I'll see about the candy. No, don't bother about your money. It's up to Santa Claus this time. Don't tell even Janet about our plan, but be ready to receive me at nine o'clock."

Before the boy had recovered himself, Winder with great strides was walking toward Brewster's toy shop.

The next two hours were busy ones for Winder. By the use of the telephone and with his name for a magic pass-word he was able to accomplish the wonders of an Alladin. When he had once fully entered into the spirit of the occasion Brewster's tiny shop was inadequate to supply his demands. As he finished telephoning his order to Kennedy's uptown shop with an urgent appeal for hasty delivery a little pang smote him for he thought of his own family who were expecting so much and for whom he had ordered nothing. His conscience cleared, however, when he realized that the hundred dollars he was spending on these poor children with their imitation Christmases would not purchase one single gift his family was expecting. He smiled grimly as he thought how his present profligacy would shock

Ned and Floss if they could know. Oh, well, it was his hour—his last hour, and he would spend it as he chose.

And by the time the hands of his watch were pointing to nine he was so wrapped up in his little game that neither thoughts of the gay house-party going on in his palace home, nor of the chill grey river shadowed his childlike joy, as dressed for the jolly old saint with a huge pack on his shoulders he stole cautiously to the north door of the factory store room.

Sandy was waiting for him. The sound of children's voices was suddenly hushed as he was announced. And then as he entered came a glad wild shout that brought a smart to his eyes.

The hours that passed were among the happiest and saddest he had ever known. To see the pale, starved faces of little children light up with ecstasy at the touch of a dreamed-of toy, that was happiness in very deed; the pain came in the realization of the great measure of such joy he might have given in the years gone by—and now it was—too late.

At last the happy, tired, present-laden children were helped by the efficient Janet into their shabby wraps and marshalled from the festive scene. When the last straggler was gone the girl turned to Winder and held out her hands.

"Oh, Mister, you'll never know how much we thank you, Sandy and me, for giving them this wonderful Christmas. They won't never, never forgit it, and neither will we. We only hope you have as happy a Christmas as you have give us."

The words brought Winder back to reality and his heart went cold. There was to be no Christmas for him.

He stripped of his masquerade and then with a few broken sentences he bade the brother and sister good night and hurried out into the darkness.

He must make haste now before his courage failed. This new glimpse of life had somehow made him want to live and do the things he might have done. Just for himself he might find a starting place and begin again; but the family! No, he could not hope that they would understand. The river! That was the only solution.

He stumbled from the factory over the trolley tracks, past the street, on toward the murky coldness of the river—and the end.

In his abstraction he failed to notice a large dark object a half block up the deserted street. He was about to plunge into the bushes along the river bank when a quick step overtook him and a pair of strong young hands gripped his arms. He wheeled about.

"Dad!" It was Ned's voice, choked and uncertain and the next moment his self-sufficient college boy was sobbing on his shoulder. Before he could comprehend, there was a rustle of skirts and Flossie was clinging to his other side.

"Dad! Daddy, what on earth does it mean?—You—you



haven't—" Her sentence was cut short by Marian's voice from the rear, a little sharp and impatient, but also shaky.

"James Winder what on earth do you mean by going off on a lark like this and frightening us all to death?"

"Why—why—how did you—know?" he faltered, unable to collect himself.

"Peters told us," piped in Jimmy who had crowded in between Ned and his father, "that you had him drive you way down here and that you acted funny."

"Mother sent him back to see after you," explained Flossie. "We thought you were ill and called off the party so we could all take care of you."

"And Peters telephoned back," put in Ned, "that you were down here playing Santa Claus to a lot of kids so we all came to see what it meant."

Winder stood trembling. He hadn't realized how very dear to him were these—his own. He wanted them! But would they want him when they knew? So far he had not been able to utter a word. There was an awkward silence. They were waiting for him to explain, but he could not bring himself to striking the blow.

"Dad," Ned coughed a bit uncomfortably, "I came home to tell you I didn't want that car. Old Prof. Newman has been helping some of us fellows to see what selfish bums we are, and how, if we ever hope to follow in the footsteps of our Dad's we'll have to cut out a lot of selfish foolishness."

"And, Dad, I'd rather play Santa Claus like you did tonight than have a dozen motors." Jimmy's hand had stolen into Winder's and the boy was looking up at him with a new admiration.

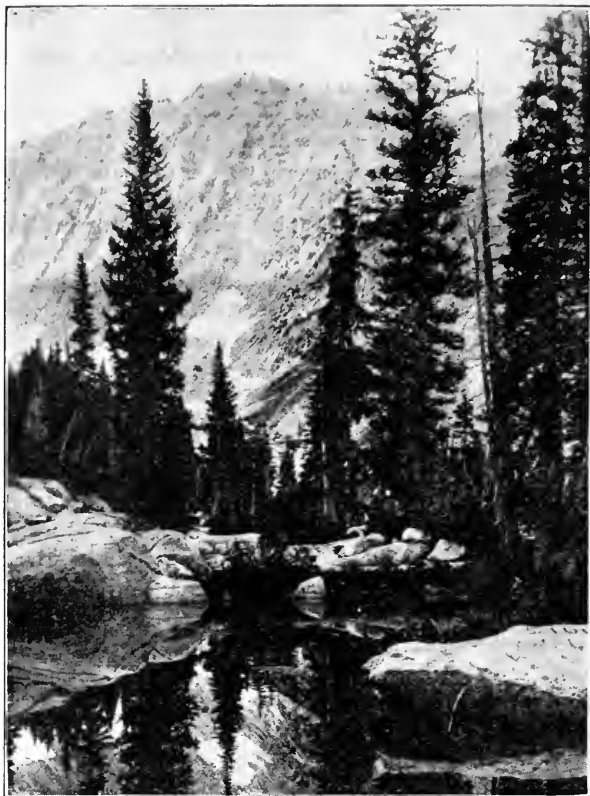
"And so should I," asserted Floss. "We were watching through the window and I just envied that little girl who seemed to be engineering the party."

"We had better get home," Marian suggested. "A telegram came from your man Tilton just before we left. He said the Argentina or something had reconsidered and wanted you to wire immediate instructions. Marian steered the party toward the waiting limousine. Winder felt suddenly light and dizzy. He drew his wife's arm within his own and said a bit huskily:

"Do you hear the river Marian? It sounds dark and cold tonight, but don't you remember how beautiful it was that day of the Home-coming picnic?"

"Of course, I do, Jim," she replied a little wonderingly. "But what ever made you think of that tonight?"

*Provo, Utah.*



A Typical Glacial Lake, on the Side of Lone Peak

## A LEGEND OF THE WASATCH Told by the Granite of Bell's Canyon

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE

Years ago when the one who writes this—and he was then a pale-faced boy in a big city of the Middle states, by which ran the rapid waters of the Mississippi, and around which were levels covered by primeval woods—he looked upon a photograph of the Wasatch mountains. Not that he then knew that white-crested range of peaks was called the Wasatch—the Indians' Mountains of Snow—what he then knew was that the mountains bounded the eastern side of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake; that the picture had come across "the plains" in a mail coach, and that, also, some day, he would follow the setting sun and look upon those heights as actualities, not as a picture in the far-distant Deseret. "To the Rocky mountains," had been the boast of the pale-faced boy to his street companions. And, later, he did "whack bulls," and in due time arrived where from the benchland to the northward of the City of the Saints, he beheld at last the Wasatch

range, the vast mountain-wall, vague, beautiful, grand, in the mellow, golden light of early autumn.

Ah, how long ago that seems! Long ago, I mean, when considered in the events of life; when one bids the mind leap across the intervening years, then it seems only as yesterday.

And that view of the Wasatch, be it told, was above a stretch of apricot, peach and apple trees, for then the City of the Saints was a place of orchards more than it is now, and near our covered wagons—their long journey done—was trellis hung with grape-vines, and trees and vines were red with fruit. Over that boundary of nature the mountains appeared more friendly than they otherwise would have done, and the nearest orchard and vines surrounded the home of a friend; and that friend was the author of the now much-loved funeral hymn, *Rest, on the hillside, rest*. But memories are taking too close a hold upon us. The boy who had just completed his servitude of whacking bulls and shouting "gee!" and "haw!" from the banks of the Missouri river, to the still farther western valley, did not know aught of mountain structure; not his the knowledge that the V-shaped canyons that fretted the Wasatch range are the result of the action of water, or that the U-shaped canyons had been gouged from the rock by the process of moving ice. But what of that? The mountains and the passage ways through them were marvels to the boy who looked thereon.

Fear not, my reader; in spite of that reference to V-shaped and U-shaped canyons, this is not to be a treatise by a tyro in geology, upon the building and denuding of the Wasatch range. It is only a reminiscence of a glorious autumn day; a day made glorious by nature and the society of glorious friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

Truly the November day was a marvel; how ambient was the air, how brightly shone the sun! The physician and surgeon, Dr. Middleton, whose guests we were, was at his best; the brain-wearied editor had relaxed and forgotten for the time being, the world questions of the day; the hospital interne was content, and the trio of charming ladies, whose daily duties consist in ministering to the wants of those who suffer, were in a merry mood. In making a start for the canyon our auto passed over the very spot—once known as Naisbitt's hill—where the writer had first looked on the Wasatch range. No longer were orchards and gardens around, but clusters of stately buildings. Hillcrest and Rowland Hall among them; an irrigation ditch once ran across the spot, but that had gone, and instead of grassy banks, hard cement was there; and in the water's place were tracks of steel. Such was the change of years. And, alas, the poet, too, was gone; he who had written the funeral hymn; yes, gone to his "Rest, on the hillside, rest." But, in the distance, unchanged, stood the noble mountains. Slope and wall and peak lifted above the valley haze, beautiful as ever, dream-like, yet a stern reality, mighty silhouettes against the cloudless sky.

Bell's canyon is a U-shaped canyon; that is, it is U-shaped with a difference. As we all know, the Wasatch range of mountains is pierced with many canyons. In that old photograph the V-shaped gash of Millcreek was very prominent, and so it was as we passed it by. Then there was the composite mouth of the Big, and the vast U of the Little Cottonwood. Last there was the wild, wild gorge, generally known as Bell's canyon. The letter S well describes the steep course of the Bell's from its mouth or entrance to that vast hollow, high up in the side of Lone Peak. Far above the glacier course was formed. We climbed up a zig-zag trail to an eminence, the top of one of the lateral moraines and from there beheld a thrilling spectacle. A capital letter S, then, miles in length, ice-cut through the stubborn granite, that is Bell's canyon. Nowhere along the western front of the Wasatch mountains shall we find another place where the tale of the glacial epoch upon the range is better-told.

In fact, the mouth of Bell's canyon, with its terminal moraines, main and lateral, its marking of successive bench-lands—ancient beaches—its tens of thousands of water and ice-carved boulders, ranging from those of a few pounds in weight to those of many tons, not only tells the tale of the glacial epoch upon the Wasatch mountains, but also the tale of the vast vanished lakes, "La Hontan," and "Bonneville."

But the heights have more ancient tales to tell. "Up there," proclaimed our host, waving his hand toward the peaks, and becoming eloquent, "we are near to the first chapter of the geologic Genesis."

A Legend of the Wasatch, told by the Granite of Bell's Canyon; perhaps our caption should have been somewhat different; not only has Bell's canyon a voice in the Legend of the Wasatch, but those upper peaks, those wastes of gleaming granite, have the older part to tell.

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My experience with Bell's canyon, besides looking many times through a field glass, at its entire S-shaped length, began not at its entrance, but at its summit. The field glasses revealed some interesting details. Upon a rock-ledge on the northeastern side of the gigantic defile, is a grove of aspens, and this grove is the highest assemblage of aspens which the glass made out on the Wasatch range. Moreover, those trees, from their high and exposed position, are the first to catch the autumn color, and their pale and ambered gold is most plainly visible from our city, although the grove is from eighteen to twenty miles in a direct line, distant. Upon the southwestern slope of the Bell's canyon wall the field glass showed another detail. Once a terrific wind storm must have exercised its force upon that slope; there are prostrate the trunks of countless pines, and the length of each tree points in the same direction. So they lay, no doubt, on the afternoon when the Pioneers entered the Valley, and so they lie today.

With a field glass one may also see our city, the gleaming surface of the ice-polished granite, the course of the monster glacier of the years ago.



The Great Glacial Hollow, at Head of Bell's Canyon

But return to our earlier statements: My acquaintance with Bell's canyon was up in the region where the head of its one-time glacier lay. O, what a thrilling place! Otherwhere we have called it, a chaos, an infernal of granite; there is silence and solitude, terribleness and desolation! There, ages upon ages ago, began the stream of ice and at the canyon mouth it ended upon the shore of Bonneville.

But the Legend of the Wasatch? The Legend! Well, the Legend of the Wasatch is about a lonely island. No, not a Treasure Island, no place of hidden gold, no lair of pirates, save it were the winged pirates of the air or the finner pirates of the primeval seas, the great core of this part of the Wasatch range, we are told by science, the huge purple mass of archæan rock which looks over the canyon heads, was the first to rise above the waters of all this western land. A lonely island once indeed, around which gamboled the monsters of the deep; the haunt of aquatic birds, now the home of the marmot and the eagle. Once the island shores were fringed with seaweed, now the same rocks are the abode of flowers. On the bare summits, the highest of all, that now knows only silence or the thunder of the passing storm, once were vocal with the voice of waves, and for the cerulean of the mountain skies, the sun looked yellow through the mists of the world's morning.

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Our host, and such a fine host he was! had intended that our visit to the Bell's canyon should be timed with the period of gorgeous foliage, but our trip was delayed, the amber, the crimson, the ruddy browns and the maroons had passed. The foliage had fallen from the sumacs, the maples, the birch and the scrub-oaks, the white erratic branches of the aspens were bare, and the masses of crisp, dead leaves



Summit of Lone Peak

rustled beneath our tread. The countless boulders with which the moraines are strewn gleamed wanly gray in the late autumn sunlight; and far up the canyon—terrific gorge, rather—the slender water-falls, voiceless with distance, showed white upon the granite shelves. The bright November day, however, was not without its special beauties. There was one vast, sad harmony of retrospective in the history of the ancient rocks, the records of the centuries of nature's labors, the dead leaves that told of a vanished summer. And, we were about to add, the thoughts in the memories of some of those who looked upon it. But that is too personal, and there were others whose hearts were attuned only to thoughts of the present or of the future. It was a glorious day, even if it were a November day. There was one, at least, who looked upon that mighty pathway to the mountain summits with a strange pleasure, thinking of the years that had passed since he made its acquaintance, in the vast hollow at its head, and now looked upon it again, for the last time, no doubt, amid the terminal moraines from the age of ice, and thankful, too, that he had known not only the sorrows, but also the raptures of life.

A glorious day! And a glorious approach of night! Homeward we sped; what marvelous colors marked the dying day! As the Wasatch had been a dawn—a dream—so the mountain became in the fading light. Pale, mauve-colored mists hid the mountains' base, their summits were touched with golden-rose. And then, up came the November moon, a dead world, science says, and like a ghost it hung above the glacier gap and looked from among the autumn mist. Too solemn indeed! But there appears to be always the law of compensation. There were the sparkling jests, the ripples of laughter, and in sweet or mellow unison a quartet of voices arose to dispel the sadness. There was a gentle harmony between all hearts as the mountains vanished into darkness, and our visit to the wonderful Bell's canyon was at an end.

# TOBACCO, TOMBSTONES AND PROFITS\*

BY LUTHER BURBANK

*"If," pertinently asks Mr. Burbank, "tobacco is such a fine thing, why don't it's victims rejoice?"*

You have seen pictures of military cemeteries near great battlefields.

Upon every headstone is chiseled the inscription: "Killed in action."

If one knew nothing about war, these headstones would be sufficient to impress upon him that war is deadly—that it kills.

How much would you know about tobacco if, upon the tombstone of everyone killed by it were inscribed, "Killed by tobacco"?

You would know a lot more about it than you do now, but you would not know all, because tobacco does more than *kill*. It *half-kills*. It has its victims in the cemeteries and in the streets. It is bad enough to be dead, but it is a question if it is not sometimes worse to be half-dead—to be nervous, irritable, unable to sleep well, with efficiency cut in two and vitality ready to snap at the first great strain.

This seems like exaggeration. It isn't. It is well within the truth. You do not know the facts because you are not permitted to know them. It is profitable slowly to poison you and millions of others, so you are poisoned. You were only a boy when you were urged to smoke cigarets. A little later you saw advertisements in which your attention was called to cigars and smoking tobacco. Now you are pressed to use tobacco in all its forms, except as snuff. You can buy snuff if you want to, but it is not urged. Perhaps there are too many false teeth in America to make sneezing popular. But chewing and smoking are set forth by the tobacco trusts as delightful, harmless pastimes. It is even declared that the use of tobacco is beneficial—that it "soothes" the nerves.

Chloroform soothes the nerves, too. A small bottle of it will soothe them forever.

Let me tell you how tobacco kills. Smokers do not all drop dead around the cigar lighters in tobacco stores. They go away and, years later, die of something else. From the tobacco trust's point of view, that is one of the finest things about tobacco. Its victims do not die on the premises, even when sold the worst cigars. They go away, and when they die, the doctors certify that they died of something else—pneumonia, heart disease, typhoid fever, or what not.

In other words, tobacco kills indirectly and escapes the blame.

What killed General Grant? Why, of course you know—cancer.

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\*From the *Dearborn Independent*, Michigan.

But what caused the cancer in his throat? Do you know? Smoking caused it. General Lee could not get Grant, but tobacco got him.

What killed President McKinley? An assassin's bullet, you say. Partly right and partly wrong. McKinley was shot, but his wound need not have proved fatal. Thousands of men, hurt worse, have survived. But they had good hearts. When a great strain comes, strong hearts are necessary to bring the sufferers through alive. McKinley, when he was born, had a strong heart, but the tobacco habit got him and left his heart muscles soft and flabby. When McKinley had need of a strong heart he went down because he had nothing to keep him up. He had smoked up his most vital strength.

Woodrow Wilson when old was seized with an ailment that brought him almost to the point of death. For hours he was unconscious and for weeks his physicians could not say whether he would live or die. He had need of a good heart. In his hour of need he had a good heart. If Mr. Wilson had been a smoker, Mr. Marshall might have been President.

In the African jungle, Theodore Roosevelt was stricken with such a fever that he begged his son and other companions to save themselves by leaving him to die. He, too, had need of the strong heart—and he had one. Mr. Roosevelt never used tobacco. His African illness was so serious that he returned to America emaciated and shaken, but he at least had the heart-power to enable him to get back.

But the case for or against tobacco cannot be conclusively proved by what happened to this or that man. The point I am trying to make is that when the pinch comes everyone has need of all the heart-power he can muster—and tobacco weakens heart-power. There is not doubt about that. When one's heart is faltering, no doctor ever prescribes nicotine. Nicotine is a slow poison that strikes at the heart first.

Nicotine, after you have used it a while, puts you in a condition to be "bumped off" by the first thing that hits you. If you saw some men undermine a building until it was ready to topple into the street, and then saw a woman hit the building with a baby carriage and make it topple, you would not say the woman wrecked the building would you? Yet when a smoker dies of pneumonia the doctor's death certificate gives pneumonia and not tobacco as the cause of death. And the tombstone man with his chisel says nothing at all.

What a shock people would get if they went through cemeteries and saw tombstones declaring the fact that this man died of typhoid made fatal by tobacco-weakened heart, and that man succumbed to nervous prostration because tobacco had shot his nerves to pieces, and another one gave up the ghost because tobacco had ruined his stomach.

*But the truth will never be known about tobacco so long as the great tobacco companies are able to spend millions of dollars to build up and maintain businesses with which to poison the people for a profit.*



Did you ever think what would become of the tobacco habit if there were no profit in selling tobacco? How long would it last and how rapidly would it spread? Was anyone ever born with a taste for tobacco? On the contrary, everyone is born with a taste *against* it—tobacco produces sickness the first few times it is used. Men are able to use tobacco only because of the remarkable power of the human body to adjust itself to an unfavorable environment. The human body prefers the good and dislikes the bad, but if it is compelled to endure the bad will make the best of it and stick to life as long as possible.

If there were no money in poisoning people with tobacco, the tobacco habit would die out with the last of its present victims. No boy could begin smoking because there would be no place where he he could buy tobacco. If there were no place in which to buy food the boy would not go without food. That shows the difference between useful necessities and poisonous things that enslave only to destroy. We need food; we do not need tobacco. We use tobacco only because it is foisted upon each generation as opium was foisted upon the Chinese, and as cigarets are being foisted upon us now.

As the tobacco interests become better organized it is increasingly difficult for each generation to escape. Even thirty years ago, a cigar store was an ugly place, littered with cuspidors, dirty and unattractive. Better brains in the tobacco business have changed this. The cigar store is attractive now, even from afar. The windows are tastefully decorated with red, a primary color that appeals to the lowest order of intelligence. Inside, everything is as clean and bright as if the place were a jewelry store. Each possible appeal is made to the eye. And, in addition, there are certificates with which, if one will smoke his head off, he may get a beautiful glass fruit dish for his grandmother or a collar button for himself.

Billboard advertising, newspaper advertising, magazine advertising, search every nook and cranny of the country for victims. In this way, millions upon millions of dollars are spent by the tobacco interests every year. It seems almost as if there is no escape for each new generation as it comes along. No matter where a boy may be, tobacco advertising reaches him, pleads with him and urges him to be a fool—to injure his health, decrease his happiness and shorten his life that tobacco interests may gather more millions.

*If the money that American people are wasting for tobacco were invested in homes, every man and woman could have a home, free of debt, before reaching the age of fifty.*

If it were invested in farms, everyone could have a farm.

If it were invested in reclaiming deserts that, with water, would be orange groves, the present century would see the end of most of the deserts.

If it were invested in stock in water-power companies honestly and wisely managed, the harnessing of power now going to waste would make heat, light and power abundant and cheap.

If it were invested in traveling, the saving would be sufficient to enable everyone to see all America several times and take at least one trip around the world.

Figure it out for yourself. The ordinary smoker who uses cigars will burn up about a dollar a day, which is about \$1,000 every three years. If smoking, after thirty years, kills him, he will have wasted \$10,000. That is more than enough to buy a decent home, a good farm, or to see America several times and take a whirl around the world.

And, at that, the greatest loss is in health and life. The basis of all happiness is health. A sick millionaire is much worse off than a well garbage man. Sickness not only cuts off happiness, but brings discomfort and pain.

Always remember that the tendency of tobacco is to destroy.

Don't be fooled by newspaper stories inspired by the tobacco interests about gentlemen 104 years old who attribute their multitude of years to the use of tobacco.

When whiskey-selling was a legal method of getting a living you used to read the same kind of stories about centenarians who had drunk whiskey since they were nine years old.

There is no doubt that some men have lived to be very old, notwithstanding the use of tobacco and whiskey.

But they are entirely mistaken in believing that it was the tobacco or the whisky that helped them to live long. Here is one proof: Look for all those who were boyhood chums of these aged survivors of tobacco and whiskey and who, like them, smoked and drank. Where are they? In graveyards. Tobacco and whiskey helped to put the finishing touches on them.

The one in ten millions or more who survives and reaches a great age, notwithstanding the use of tobacco and whisky, is the odd one who, because of some peculiarity in his constitution, was able to generate an antitoxin that offset the poison of nicotine or alcohol. Each of us has the ability, to a greater or less degree, to develop antitoxins to meet our needs. Smallpox kills the Indian and treats the white man comparatively gently, because it is a new disease to the Indians, to meet which they have not yet had time to generate proper antitoxins. The white man, on the other hand, has had time to develop antitoxins. Smallpox is no new disease to him. He has been familiar with it for centuries and, in the beginning, it hit him as hard as it now does the Indian.

Make no mistake. Tobacco is poison that would not be urged upon you if there were not a profit for others in making you a victim.

Within my own circle of friends and acquaintances I have known many or, at least several, men whom it has killed.

*I never met a tobacco-user who did not regret that he had formed the habit, but I never met a non-smoker who was sorry he did not smoke.*

Isn't that significant? If tobacco is such a fine thing, why don't its victims rejoice? Why do not men like Woodrow Wilson hasten to acquire the tobacco habit? Think this over.

Youth is the dangerous age, so far as tobacco is concerned. If one can reach the age of twenty-five without smoking, the tobacco trust will have difficulty in getting him.

We are in the process of driving alcohol beverages from the country. The death rate all over the country has taken a sharp drop to the lowest point ever reached. In my opinion the day is not far distant when we shall outlaw tobacco as we have alcohol. I believe tobacco shortens more lives and kills more people than alcohol ever did, not because tobacco is more deadly; but because it is more widely used than whiskey ever was.

We shall have better health, more happiness, longer life and more comforts when we cease wasting our money for tobacco and whiskey. There are now plenty of persons who will hoot at this statement, but in a few decades there will be a hundred millions or so who will hoot at the present hooters.

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### Three Views of Life

I stood amid eternity  
 And viewed the country round about.  
 I saw a land of purity,  
 It was my former home no doubt.  
 'Twas there I held my first estate;  
 'Twas there I cried aloud for joy;  
 'Twas there the fallen son's mistake  
 Would all our agency destroy.

Away beneath I saw the earth  
 In this an unperfected plane;  
 I realized my earthly birth  
 And also that from whence I came.  
 'Tis here I came by my applaud  
 And now in mortal flesh I dwell;  
 'Tis here that I should worship God  
 And not be trodden down to Hell.

Another land ('twas pure and bright)  
 Upon the right mine eyes beheld;  
 A perfect union moved with might  
 For Holy Faith with all did dwell.  
 In this far land I'd love to live  
 Where souls of men will all unite.  
 'Tis there each one must freely give,  
 Then all will reap Celestial light.

*Mink Creek, Idaho*

CHRISTEN HANSEN

# A SERVANT OF ALL

BY KATHLEEN BAGLEY NELSON

Mrs. Betts stood in the low doorway of her pioneer shack and looked anxiously out across the almost unbroken line of crusted snow. The stars were still shining, but in the east a steadily deepening crimson proclaimed the dawn. Behind her was the crackle of a fire starting and the warm glow of a coal-oil lamp. In sharp relief her figure was silhouetted in the doorway. The morning breeze wrapped her calico skirt closely around her angular limbs and her breath rose like clouds into the frosty air. The pose suggested strength and endurance but the wavering sigh that escaped her, seemed to voice an unnamed dread.

There was a sound of bare feet running across the floor and almost before Mrs. Betts could turn, a girl of thirteen was also at the door, making her eager scrutiny.

"Is it a fine day?" her teeth chattered.

"Get your clothes on, Minnie. Get your clothes on," her mother scolded, pushing her back and closing the door.

"But it is fine, isn't it?" Minnie hugged herself to keep warm.

"It *looks* all right, but I don't know."

"Oh, but I can take Annabel to school with me. What does Pa say?"

"He's out doing the chores. Call Jason. It's getting late."

Minnie ran to a ladder in the corner and called, "Jason, Jason. Get up!" Then she danced back to her mother, giving her a clumsy hug.

"Oh, please say, yes, Ma. They're going to have a valentine box and everything. Teacher said I could bring her. And I've kept telling her she could go. Why last night when she said her prayers, she said, 'An' b'ess Minnie an' take me to school'."

"Ah, she don't know what it means 'ceptin' a ride, but she is sure cute." The mother's face softened at the thought of her dimpled baby. She turned abruptly to see Minnie still shivering in her short, flannelette gown.

"For pity's sake. Ain't you dressed yet. Here I've stirred the mush and got the bacon cut and you've never moved."

Minnie made a bolt for her clothes in the corner and struggled into them. She was not a pretty child. She was over-grown and awkward, with stooping shoulders. Her hair was long and straight and mouse-colored. Her nose was flat. But kindness was written all over the little flattened face and the gray eyes were very wide and tender.

Every day she and Jason, who was a year her senior, drove five miles to the settlement to school. It was a one-room affair with all the

children under the same teacher. There were twenty-one children, ranging from six to sixteen. Jason shone at school. His physical strength made him leader among the boys and Minnie followed his mental prowess in open-mouthed wonder. At school Minnie was slow and prodding but always so willing to help at any menial labor, cleaning out desk, washing windows, dusting erasers. Unconsciously, the teacher had grown to expect these things of her. At home she was the willing servant of father, mother, brother, grandmother—the abject slave of the confident little tyrant, Annabel, aged three.

Ten minutes later there was such a bustle and excitement in the little house that it was hard to imagine the starlit silence that had prevailed an hour before. Jason was lacing up his high-top boots. Pa, who had come in, was splashing and grunting in the wash basin. Ma was putting up the lunches, while Minnie was trying to dress Annabel, who was dancing and singing with all her might. "I'm doin' to stool. I want my wed mittens. I want my new dwess. I want my wed mittens. I want my new dwess." As she settled down to the serious business of dressing she repeated this like a choral chant.

"I'm putting on her best clothes, Ma. She can go, can't she?"

"Ask your Pa."

Pa emerged sputtering from the basin. He seldom said "No" to his children.

"Sure. Let 'er go. Minnie kin tend 'er and Jason's right smart with the team."

"But how's the weather. Are you sure—"

"This ain't blizzard weather if that's what y' mean. You wimmen folk hatch up worries. Now, Ma, if you've got a blizzard in the back of yer head, jest fergit it."

"Who said blizzard?" a shrill voice quavered from the adjoining room. It was Grandmother Spence, who was bed-ridden and past eighty. "Who said blizzard? In 1872 there was a blizzard—" Her voice died away into indistinguishable mutterings.

"Minnie, go and see what you can do for Ma, while I get her coffee ready. If she gets started on that blizzard we'll never get her quiet today."

And so it was settled that Annabel should go. She was sweeter than April sunshine in her childish gayety. After a hastily eaten breakfast, a bundling into wraps and hunting up of books and valentines, they were off. Mrs. Betts was alone in the kitchen gathering up the dishes.

"Marty. Oh, Marty!" came the querulous voice from the bed. "What makes it so still? Why ain't Annabel come in to sing for me. Where is she?"

Mrs. Betts called over her shoulder. "Why she went to school with 'em, Ma."

"What! Annabel growed up so soon. Coming and going.

Coming and going. Just like that. Why can't I die? Must I live to see you all go?"

\* \* \* \* \*

At school Minnie was very popular today, especially among the girls. They were all clamoring for a share in Annabel's glory and all the unkind things they had said and done to Minnie, because she was such a dunce, were today forgotten.

"Minnie, let her sit with me 'til recess."

"Oh, Minnie, I've got a valentine for you."

"I'll give you an apple if you'll let her march by me."

"I'm going to change the names on some of my valentines so I'll have one for Annabel. Ain't she cute. Get 'er to sing Minnie."

But Annabel raised her own voice to settle these disputes:

"I'm doin' to set wif Minnie, and I'll mawch whe'e I wants to."

But oh, the excitement over those valentines! The desks were literally jammed with home-made ones, while once used Christmas cards, birthday greetings, Easter rabbits, and scenic post cards vied with one another in popularity. There were very few lace-trimmed hearts or other store varieties and naturally these were the most coveted. Naturally, too, teacher, who hated valentines, but appreciated the honor done her, was the recipient of most of these. How many times her name had been written and erased 'til the inscription was barely legible:

To the dearest teacher in the earth.

From

*Fred Bir.*

The valentine box was on the teacher's desk and only you who have known, can understand the thrill from toes to finger tips, as each one mingled his precious missives with the growing mystery.

Does every school, however small, have its bully? I hope not. Dyke Virt was the proverbial incorrigible. He was sixteen and loved to tease the little girls. For the most part he had fallen quite an easy victim to the teacher's charming assurance that he would do his best. She had managed him wonderfully. But her announcement that no ugly valentines should be put in the box was too much for Dyke. "What wuz valentines fur if not to have a little fun?" So Dyke had procured a most disreputable assortment of these fun-makers. At recess he displayed them at certain dramatic moments and little girls ran to tell teacher. Altogether it was a very exciting day.

The climax came after the last recess, while teacher was hearing the little ones read. Most of the others were diligent at their spelling. Dyke pulled forth proudly a gayly colored sheet of cheap paper. After much laborious effort he succeeded in inscribing on its back, something that seemed to afford him immense satisfaction. Just then someone opened the door and the draught caught up the paper and carried it right on to Jason's desk, two aisles over. Even Dyke's writing was unable to hide the blatant message:

this is fer Minnie, the biggest fool  
whut ever went to this here skool.

Several eager little girls saw the picture of a fat girl on a stool with a dunce cap on her head. "Tell the teacher, Jason." "Let me see it!" "Show it to teacher!" they whispered, but Jason fought his own battles. His face went scarlet, then white with suppressed rage. The valentine was a mass of torn bits in his hand and as he walked to the stove with it he leaned over to hiss in Dyke's grinning face, "Wait 'til school's out. I'll mash your head!" Another wave of excitement was set vibrating. There was to be a fight after school.

And then spelling was over and the moment to open the Valentine box was at hand. The teacher was smiling happily as she officiated as high priestess at the sacred altar. She had sent "back East" for the laciest, frilliest valentines she could find and she knew the children would not be disappointed.

As she read out the names on the valentines the children came forward with quickened pulses and soon most of the desks were piled high with tokens of love. The "Ohs" and "Ahs" of breathless delight as teacher's valentines appeared along with the others. Even Annabel was not forgotten. Dyke shambled forward very sheepishly to receive a lacy heart, bedecked with red ribbon. The teacher had very easily upset his well-laid plans. As the ugly valentines appeared she very quietly and almost unnoticed threw them into the waste paper basket. And Dyke was very relieved that she did.

But the greatest surprise teacher had reserved for the last. She had watched with hurt eyes the pain in Minnie's face when she could not accomplish some assigned task. She knew how the cruel jibes of the children added to her misery. Teacher gave unstintingly the praise she could, but she wanted Minnie to know, in some other way, how much she appreciated her for the place she filled. The children were breathless as she drew the big envelope from the box and read in a clear voice:

For Minnie—little servant of all.

For a minute Minnie sat very still. She could not believe that it was hers. Then urged on by the children near her, she advanced slowly and took the big, white envelope from the teacher's hand. Another moment of breathlessness as she opened it, and then, "Ah—" What a beauty! Such a creation of celluloid and lace in pink and green and gold. The children fairly gasped but Minnie hugged it to her breast and two big salt tears rolled down her cheeks. It was the happiest moment of her life. No words came to express her feelings. Annabel caught sight of the tears and pushed through the crowd. "Det away. It's my Minnie and my valentine."

"You are dismissed," called the teacher above the din.

As she looked out of the window she felt alarmed. This was her first winter in Dakota and she knew very little about weather signs, but anyone could tell it had grown unusually dark in the last few minutes. Earlier in the day there had been a chinook feel in the air, but now the wind had changed and it was colder.

"We must hurry home," she cried excitedly to the lingering children. "Hurry. Hurry everyone, before it storms!" This scattered them quickly.

"Oh, yes, Jason, we must hurry," said Minnie, coming back to earth. "Get the team, quick. Annabel, come here. Mother will worry so."

Jason hesitated, looked around for Dyke, but he had already gone.

"He'll get it tomorrow then," he said between his teeth as he hustled into his mackinaw.

\* \* \* \* \*

Darker and more ominous grew the sky as the horses swung from the settlement road onto the long homeward stretch, unmarked by any house on either side. They were packed snugly in the old cutter, but the wind was like a knife in their faces.

"Was it a good school, Annabel?" Minnie laughed. But Annabel did not answer. She was already dozing after the day's excitement.

"Oh, I do hope we can make it before dark, Jason. I was going to get supper, while mother finished them socks."

"Ah, Minnie, don't worry about getting supper. You're the queen bee tonight. Wasn't that valentine a hummer, though?"

"Oh, my! But say, Jason. What did that servant mean? A servant ain't near so grand as a princess?"

"Oh, Minnie, don't you understand? Why, that's the best part—"

And just then the storm struck them. Like a vulture it swooped, its great wings slapped their faces. First it was hail lashing in a great gust that left them panting. "Hold on," gasped Jason. The wind tore his words from his throat. For a minute they seemed to fly under the beating, lashing fury. Then a chance to breathe but no chance to see. They were fine, white needles now, stinging; cutting, blinding. The horses staggered; Jason urged them on. One lunge forward and a sudden stop. A horse rolled over in the snow. Something had broken. Jason was out on the runner before Minnie knew what he was about. "Going for help, don't get out," and he disappeared into the wall of snow.

There was a moment's lull in the storm, and Jason made the most of it. He did not try to run, for he knew that endurance would win the race. They could not be far from home, but the snow was coming too thick to tell which way he was going. He knew he was in the road by the feel of the snow under his feet and he was sure he was headed the right way. The storm tore him with a thousand hands. O, God! he must get there or what of those helpless ones behind?

"I'll do it—I'll do it—I'll do it," was the refrain drumming against his brain. When a gust came he turned his back to it, bracing himself until it had passed. Then he had all his strength left for the onslaught. His efforts against the storm were almost superhuman, but



the odds were too great. The strain was telling on his fine young strength.

"Ah—a light!"—or was it something cracking in his brain?

"One—two—three—four—" He was counting his steps like a drunken man. He stopped thinking. His movements were purely mechanical now, and futile against the next onset of the storm. It left him spent and groveling in the snow.

A sudden light in his face brought him staggering to his feet. It was his father's lantern. "Jason, Is it you?" His presence here trebled the father's anxiety for the others. "Where are the girls?" Jason motioned with his head. His hands were helpless. "Horse down, tongue broke," he managed to say. "Hurry, get back." He turned to go back over the road he had just come and fell headlong.

The agony of indecision that swept the father in that instant! He knew that if he left Jason he would never find him alive, and his other two were out there crying for help. It was a quarter of a mile to the house. What to do? but even while thinking this he was half dragging Jason to the house. He shouted in his ear. If only he could keep him awake, he could cling to the blizzard line—a rope running from the fence to the house—and he would be able to help himself. He was successful in getting Jason to rally a little.

Gradually the fury of the storm was spent. It was still snowing heavily but it was not so cold now, and the storm was dying down. When they reached the blizzard line the mother was there. "My babies?" she whispered from a dry throat.

It was she who helped Jason to the house and the father returned alone. It had nearly stopped snowing and the lantern cast a wide circle of light.

About a half mile from the house he found them. The horses were nearly covered with snow. He stopped not daring to throw the light into the sleigh: When he did so the lantern revealed Minnie lying coatless in the bottom of the sleigh. Under the seat wrapped in Minnie's coat, snug and oblivious to the night's terrors, slept Anna-bel, safe and warm. She cried out when the lantern flashed in her face.

But Minnie's sleep could not be troubled. Her work for the day was done.

*Brigham City, Utah.*

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"Whosoever, therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

"And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."—Matt. 18:4; 20:27, 28.

# WHAT IS CHRISTMAS

BY CLARA FARNSWORTH

Christmas?—What is Christmas?—It is the reputed anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ, and as such, one of the greatest festivals among all Christians. It is essentially a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing,—a day of good cheer and good will to all men.

The message of Christmas morning is as universal as it is personal and present. It is addressed to each man; it is addressed to all men. It is destined to shape private conduct and to impress and mould the life of society. Divine in its content, it has an earthly relation and significance. While holding out a promise of the greater things which shall be revealed in us hereafter, it is not without action, in time of influence, upon the world around us.

Though Christians celebrate it as a Christian festival, though to them it is the anniversary of the most solemn event in all history, the festivities that mark the epoch are part of the universal history of the race.

Christmas brings before us the relation of the Christian religion to the religions which went before; for the birth, at Bethlehem, was itself a link with the past.

The Pagan nations had a tendency to worship the sun; accordingly, their festivals in its honor, took place near the winter solstice, the shortest day in the year, when the sun in December began its upward course, thrilling men with the first distant promise of spring.

This holiday, among Romans, was marked by great merriment. There were feastings and gifts, and the houses were hung with evergreens; even the church man, who was shocked to see flowers decorating the sanctuaries at Easter, would miss the scarlet berries that hung there at Christmas, and the austere lovers of the plain-song would welcome "quips and cranks and wreathed smiles" in their Christmas carols. Joviality and merry-making were the order of the day, made glorious by good will to all men.

"Merrie Old England" was the soil in which "Merry Christmas" took its firmest root. Even in Anglo-Saxon days we hear of Alfred holding high revelry in December 878, so that the Danes surprised him, cut his army to pieces, and sent him a fugitive.

There are many superstitions connected with Christmas itself. The bees are said to sing, the cattle to kneel, in honor of the manger, and the sheep to go in procession in commemoration of the visit of the Angel to the shepherds. Howison, in his *Sketches of Upper Canada*, relates that one moonlit Christmas Eve, he saw an Indian creeping cautiously through the woods. In response to an inquiry he said,

"Me watch deer kneel. Christmas night all deer kneel and look up to Great Spirit."

No other holiday has so rich an heritage of old customs and observances as does Christmas. The Yule-log has, from time immemorial, been hauled to the open fire-place on Christmas Eve, and lighted with the embers of its predecessors to sanctify the roof-tree and protect it against those evil spirits, over whom the season is in every way a triumph. The wassail bowl, full of swimming red apples goes its merry round. The gift-laden Christmas tree sheds its divine brilliancy down the path of the coming year; stockings are hung for "Santa Claus" to fill during the night. Then, the mistletoe becomes a peculiar shelter for maids; and the Waits go from door to door, singing their carols, while masquerades and "Merry Christmas" games are not forgotten. Even the Christmas dinner has its special observance. The mince pie, sacred to the occasion, is supposed to commemorate, in its mixture of oriental ingredients, the offerings made by the Wise Men of the East. As for turkey and plum pudding, they have a deep significance, which is nearer to the palate than to the brain.

There is a beautiful legend of the Christ-child who, on Christmas Eve, wanders all over the world bearing on his shoulder a bundle of evergreens. Through city streets and country lanes, to the proudest castle and lowliest hovel, through cold and storm, this holy Christ-child travels, to be welcomed or rejected at the doors at which he pleads for succor. Those who would invite him in and who long for his coming, set a lighted candle in the window to guide him on his way. Many believe he comes as an alms-craving person, who knocks humbly for sustenance, thus testing their benevolence.

This legend embodies the true Christian spirit, which realizes with a rush of love to the heart, the divinity of every one of "the least of these" our brethren.

Amidst the call for happiness, the bustle and stir of affection, which prevails at this period, what bosom can remain insusceptible? It is, indeed, the season of regenerated feelings—the season for kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart.

Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance bright with smiles and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting, to others, the rays of supreme and everlasting benevolence.

Who can turn churlishly away, and sit down repining in his loneliness, when all around is joyful?

"At Christmas time the open hand  
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land;  
And none are left to grieve alone,  
For love is heaven and claims its own."

*Cedar City, Utah.*



## A FARM MANAGEMENT STUDY IN THE GREAT SALT LAKE VALLEY

BY GEORGE STEWART, AGRONOMIST, UTAH AGRICULTURAL  
EXPERIMENT STATION

In a recently completed farm-management study of the Great Salt Lake Valley, it has been found that farms combining several enterprises such as dairy-beets, dairy-grain-hay, and general diversified farming pay greater returns than do farms specializing on only one sort of product. This study was begun in 1915, but on account of violent changes in production, prices, and costs due to the World War, was temporarily postponed.

During the winter of 1922-1923 the original farm records were restudied and supplemented with new data in such a manner as to make the work representative of the region both before and after the war.

In all 428 farms in Salt Lake, Davis, and Weber counties were studied. It was found convenient to segregate them into five groups, as follows: (1) diversified, (2) beets, (3) grain-hay, (4) general livestock, and (5) miscellaneous specialized. Of the 428 farms, 142 were found to be engaged in a composite farming business, that is, they were combining the enterprises ordinarily carried on by two or more separate types of farm. These combination farms were classed as (1) dairy, (2) dairy-beets, and (3) dairy-grain-hay.

The total income of the farm was called "family income," the

TABLE NO. 1.—Summary of income data on all farms according to type groups, with three combination groups added for comparison.

Type	Divers	Beets	Grain & Hay	Stock	Misc. & Spec.	All Farms	Dairy & Beets	Dairy	Dairy, Grain, & Hay
No. of Farms	149	81	91	85	22	422	54	54	34
Avg. Size	58.5	49.4	79.5	78.6	26.5	63.6	89.9	97.6	106.5
Avg. Total Investment	\$12,245	\$9,932	\$14,098	\$13,570	\$9,873	\$12,298	\$12,296	\$13,508	\$18,945
Avg. Value Real Estate (per acre)	183	175	159	142	202	168	119	116	153
Farm Income	\$ 943	\$ 985	\$ 901	\$ 963	\$ 568	\$ 927	\$1,212	\$ 990	\$1,300
Avg. Family Labor	129	125	116	235	187	149	237	234	233
Avg. Family Income	1,072	1,110	1,017	1,198	755	1,076	1,449	1,224	1,533
Avg. No. Adults Per Family	4.3	4.1	4.3	4.3	4	4.3	4.6	4.1	4.6
Avg. Family Income per Capita (adult basis)	249	271	236	279	169	250	298	298	333
Labor Income at 8%	-37	190	-227	-123	-150	-57	188	-90	-216
Labor Income at 5%	453	588	337	420	209	435	700	450	542

TABLE NO. 2.—Summary of income data on all farms according to size groups.

Size of Groups	0-20	20-50	50-100	100-200	200-up	All Farms
No. of Farms	57	192	119	45	15	428
Avg. Size	15.3	34.2	70.3	148.3	313.2	63.6
Avg. Total Invest.	\$5,119	\$9,006	\$14,421	\$24,530	\$28,122	\$12,298
Avg. Value of Real Estate (per acre)	228	230	157	144	73	168
Avg. Farm Income	344	668	1120	1803	2323	927
Avg. Family Labor	77	96	150	320	593	149
Avg. Family Income	421	764	1270	2123	2916	1076
Avg. No. Adults per Family	3.6	4.1	4.4	5.	6.2	4.3
Avg. Family Income per capita (adult basis)	117	186	289	425	470	350
Labor Income at 8%	-66	-52	-34	-159	73	-57
Labor Income at 5%	139	308	543	822	1198	435

estimated value of work done by the family other than the operator as "family labor," and the difference between these two is "farm income." When interest on the total capital invested is calculated at 8 per cent and deducted from the "farm income" the remainder is "labor income at 8%". It was thought, however, that 5 percent might be a fairer rate of interest on farm lands and consequently interest at that rate was deducted from "farm income" to get "labor income at 5%"—the amount thought to be due to the labor of operator as such.

A summary of the study is shown in Tables 1 and 2, the farms being grouped according to type of farming in the first table, and the same farms regrouped according to size in the second.

There were made in addition many interesting compilations concerning the value of land and size of mortgages, the education of the farmers as related to income, the social conditions of the farm families, and the details of each enterprise attempted on any considerable number of farms. Even a brief review of these topics would have to be given in a separate article, if they are to be more than mentioned.

This article attempts to show only the general findings with reference to the business phase of farming. When the study was completed several modifications to improve farming in the region suggested themselves.

#### *Modifications to Increase Profit*

Analysis of the survey data and careful observation in the district during the survey and during subsequent years suggested certain modifications that might increase the profits of the operators. Five chief modifications that have promise in this respect are: (1) to increase the size of the small farms; (2) to combine the most profitable types of farming, especially by increasing the number of dairy cows; (3) to improve the quality of farming by using better cows, better pasture, better seed, and better handling of manure; (4) to inaugurate a systematic crop rotation, thereby permitting better management of

labor; and (5) to make use of miscellaneous but neglected sources of livestock, crop, and labor revenue.

*Increasing the Size of Small Farms*—Farms smaller than 20 acres yielded only \$139 labor income and those from 20 to 50 acres in size \$308, whereas those in the three larger groups—50 to 100 acres, 100 to 200 acres, and 200 acres and over—made \$543, \$822, and \$1,198, respectively. The lesson here is obvious: farms need to contain at least 50 acres and preferably 100 to 200 acres. The problem of increasing the area, however, is by no means an easy one. The high price of land, the high rate of interest, and the home instinct of the farming population all combine to make it extremely difficult under present credit conditions to purchase land and pay for it out of the farm income. Not much land is rented, but operators of small farms could probably do nothing to such good advantage as to rent additional land.

Many are hopeful that at a reasonably early date there will be such improvement made in our rural-credit conditions as will permit of the purchase of areas of land up to 50 and 100 acres on terms that will materially reduce the present ruinous interest rates and costly renewals. How soon such steps may be taken, what form the banking machinery may assume, or what degree of effectiveness it may reach is not possible to predict.

It is apparent, however, that the farm operator of less than 50 acres should thoroughly investigate every reasonable opportunity for increasing the size of his farm. Renting such additional acreage as he can profitably handle is probably the cheapest method of obtaining additional land.

The small farm does not seem adapted to profitable farming in the region, except in a few especially favored trucking sections. General farming on less than 50 acres does not permit economic use of man labor, horselabor, and equipment, nor the introduction of crop rotation.

*Combining Enterprises*.—Beets, dairying and diversified farming are considerably more profitable in the region than are hay and grain, general livestock, or specialized farms. A combination of dairying with beets and with hay and grain was much more profitable than any type by itself. This is probably because of three things: (1) Both dairying and beet growing utilize the operator's labor and family labor. They are among the most intensive forms of field crop and livestock farming and produce high returns per acre. (2) A small number of dairy cows can utilize a considerable quantity of otherwise nearly unmarketable feed and plant products that bring only low prices. The manure is of great value and may have been more carefully handled than on general livestock farms in which the labor incomes and crop yields were only intermediate. (3) A city market for milk gives ready sale for small quantities and good prices that would not continue if a surplus was produced.

After increasing the size of the farm, the proper combination of dairying with crop growing seems to be the most obvious method of increasing the farm income. Dairying on a large scale is not urged because the advantages derived from cheap feed and unoccupied resident labor would probably not hold. A large dairy farm requires such a large investment in cows, barns, milkhouses, extra hired help, and marketing facilities as frequently to make the business unprofitable. What is badly needed, however, is the addition to the ordinary farm of as many cows as can fit into the organization without requiring extra investment in buildings, equipment, and hired labor. There is considerable unused but available labor and cheap feed on nearly every farm that might well be utilized not only in the care of dairy cows but also by other kinds of livestock.

*Need for Improvement in Farm Practices.*—It is recommended that cows of low production be discarded, that pastures be improved, that seed selection be practiced, and that farm manure be more generally and intelligently preserved and utilized.

The frequency with which unprofitable cows occur both in small and large dairy herds has been so often and widely discussed that it need only be mentioned here were it not that the recommendations are so generally ignored. In one ordinary farm dairy herd consisting of 15 cows a test revealed that five were low producers. The sale of these cows resulted in an increase of 33.0 per cent in production and 115.3 per cent in profits for each cow. The importance of cow-testing, at least occasionally, cannot be too strongly urged.

The keeping of purebred animals is certainly profitable in many cases, but it is not to be indiscriminately recommended without respect to conditions, cost, or experience. The improvements of a grade herd by testing and by the use of a good sire is safe practice on every farm where a few cows are kept.

Pasture improvement naturally accompanies improvement of the dairy herd. Even with the poor cows discarded from the herd, good summer feed will do much to increase milk production. In Utah, as a whole, as well as in the region studied, there is much boggy pasture land that grows only coarse sedges (*Carex* sp.) and rushes (*Juncus* and *Scirpus* sp.). These plants have low feeding value and become unpalatable early in the season. Drainage of wet pastures, removal of weeds, occasional mowing of dry seed stalks, and harrowing to scatter manure dropping will all do much to improve the quality and quantity of feed in such pastures. With drainage, sedges and rushes will gradually give place to bluegrass, white clover, and other superior pasture plants. It is now recognized that heavy grazing until a pasture is eaten close, with the animals immediately removed to another pasture maintains a fresher growth. This also makes irrigation more convenient.

The use of good seed is an easy and inexpensive method of increasing crop yields. This is especially true of cereals. Experiments



at Logan and Farmington on wheat and oats show increases from 5 to 15 bushels an acre merely by planting unmixed seed of best varieties. In Utah county in 1921 the yield of 180 acres of Dicklow wheat (locally known as California Club or Excelsior), sown with clean seed, was 14 bushels an acre in excess of the yields on the same fields sown to the same variety but mixed to the ordinary extent. Tests of silage corn at Farmington show that it is possible to increase the yield by 20 to 50 per cent by the use of better seed and a slight variation in cultural practice. Almost no extra expense is involved in either case.

More intelligent use of manure will greatly increase crop yields. The survey shows that the manure is neither wisely handled nor applied in the best possible way or place. Manure piles are sadly neglected. Corrals are allowed to fill with water or loose manure piles are left under the eaves of the barn. Horse manure frequently loses most of its value by "heating." Straight-sided compact piles overcome most of this trouble.

Careful, long-continued experiments at Logan and elsewhere, show an increase of 50 per cent in the yield of grain, potatoes, and sugar-beets by frequent light application of manure. Five tons to the acre each year is probably twice as effective as 10 tons an acre each alternative year or 20 tons each fourth year. If livestock are kept on a combination farm, the manure can be used to good advantage. Even on farms that grow only hay, grain, and pasture, thin applications of manure are highly profitable. Alfalfa and grass pasture both respond splendidly to frequent light applications of manure.

*Rotation of Crops.*—It is still a too general practice to neglect crop rotation. All new countries do this to their eventual sorrow. At first grain is the principal crop, but soon others come in. In Utah, alfalfa came before 1860 and yielded so abundantly that it was grown on almost every farm. When fields were plowed up, the crops sown during the next two or three years produced greatly increased yields, especially if a little manure was applied. But the practice of leaving alfalfa fields unbroken for 10, 15 or even 20 years became common. This decreases profits in two ways: (1) by reducing the acre-yield of alfalfa which nearly always declines rapidly after the fifth or sixth year; and (2) by depriving other crops of the advantage of being grown after alfalfa as frequently as they should be. Five years in alfalfa does as much for the soil as does 20 years.

Sugar-beets are one of the profit makers in farming. Many of the best farms, however, grow the crop for several years in succession. Sooner or later this is almost sure to encourage plant diseases, insects, nematode, or other pests in such serious forms as to make continuous cropping impossible, or at least dangerous. This has already happened in much of the area. Where sugar-beet nematode has made its appearance, yields are so greatly reduced as to make rotation the only alternative. Diseases and several insects have recently become estab-

lished in a few areas and threaten to spread unless rotations afford protection.

A rotation permits the distribution of labor, machinery, and irrigation water in such a way as to enable the operator to perform more work and also make his operations more timely. Every operation is much more effective when done at just the right time. If there are three weeks during which a farm operation may be done, the first week is considerably better than the second, and the second, as much superior to the third.

*Miscellaneous Sources of Revenue.*—This survey found a surprisingly small number of hogs, sheep, and poultry on the farm as a whole. Not every farm should keep large numbers of these animals, but almost every farm can support a few hogs, a few sheep, and a small flock of hens or geese with little extra expense in labor or equipment. Each of these may be made to utilize with profit labor or feed, or both, that would otherwise be lost. Whenever labor can be employed more efficiently and feed more fully utilized, then profits increase, because additional sources of income are made to produce with but little extra expense. A few head of each of these three kinds of livestock can be fed on most farms largely on waste products—sheep on weeds and coarse grass from waste corners, fence lines, and roadways; hogs and poultry on extra milk, kitchen refuse, grain screenings, and the like. Poultry also gather a large part of their feed about the yards and corral. Where good produce markets are near, large numbers are proportionately less profitable since salable feed must be used.

A good home garden, a small orchard, some small-fruit, and other similar enterprises reduce grocery bills and may be made to yield a small income without extra expense. Sometimes a small area of an unusual crop like celery, onions, cabbage or head lettuce, may pay handsomely for a little care. A small field of clean wheat or oats may bring greater returns on account of a higher price for the grain to be used as seed.

Miscellaneous odd tasks such as cleaning and oiling harnesses, adjusting machinery, repairing fences, bridges and headgates, and the like may be kept on a list for doing on stormy days or in seasons of slack work. This puts the operator ahead of his work even in the rush season and may permit a few days outside labor—should it turn up.

The farmer must be a manager. He should drive his work or it will drive him. Training might help by added knowledge and insight. Finally, he cannot afford to neglect farm bureau meetings, or public affairs in his community.

### Conclusions

The agricultural conditions of Great Salt Lake Valley are in great need of improvement. This study, however, indicates that the chief need is a more scientific application of long-established principles.

There was found no indication of great need for emergency legislation or revolutionary changes in agricultural practice. Small inequalities need correcting but almost every angle of approach bristled with arrows pointing to that sound and century-old adage of Franklin:

"Plow deep while sluggards sleep,  
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep."



## Birthday Wishes

Oh, lad, now the age of seventeen,  
As you gaze o'er the past, with an eye serene,  
And think of the joys of yesterday,  
Of innocent pleasures and childish play,  
Of all the love and parental care  
That kept your feet from the tempter's snare;  
Of the dear, blest childhood, so quickly past,  
Whose memory shall linger while life shall last;  
Is it not with a feeling of fond regret,  
You think of these pleasures that you have met?

And still, when your eyes to the future turn  
With anticipation, your heart must yearn  
To look from a boyhood so nobly spent  
To a manhood of limitless accomplishment:  
With a soul as pure as the lily fair  
May you enter manhood with a prayer  
For wisdom, knowledge, faith and power  
To conquer the ills of the coming hour.  
May a life unselfish and full of love  
Lead you back to the home above.  
May you meet your loved ones and Savior there.  
This is a sister's sincere prayer.

Alton, Utah,

LULU WILSON.

## AS THE FASHION GOES

BY DR. F. S. HARRIS, PRESIDENT OF THE  
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

I am frequently reminded of the self-appointed authority on women's styles, in a certain village. One day a young lady came to the town, wearing a skirt shorter than was approved by the local belle. She bustled about proclaiming that it was terrible for the officers to allow any female to appear in public shamelessly exhibiting herself in such a manner. Later in the season the critic learned that short skirts were getting to be decidedly the fashion: Paris had adopted them, and no well dressed lady on Fifth Avenue was seen wearing long skirts.

This news completely changed her attitude, and she immediately thought of numerous reasons why short skirts are better than long ones; they are more sanitary and so much more convenient, and when you think it over they are not so bad looking after all. Dame Fashion had changed vice into virtue.

We have heard a good deal recently from certain quarters about the teaching of religion. There are those who would try to make us think that it has gone out of fashion to study anything that pertains to God or spiritual things. In their own minds all these subjects have long since been relegated to the waste heap. They seem to have an idea that spiritual emotions are in some way antagonistic to patriotism, and that those who want to have their children receive religious teachings are in some curious manner doing something that is un-American.

Naturally some of those who are concerned with education locally are wondering if, after all, they may not have been pushing the matter of religious education too far. In view of the opposition would it not be better to slump back into the easy attitude? Is the need for greater spirituality merely local, or is it general? These are questions that are sure to be agitating the minds of many who are aware of the fact that modern civilization has been built up on Christian ideals, but some are wondering if the fashion has not changed.

Such inquirers and others may be interested in the report of a "Finding Committee" given at a conference on religious education held at Lake Junaluska, North Carolina, July 17-19, 1923. This conference was made up of educators of numerous beliefs and does not represent the ideas of any one church. It is the opinion of prominent educators of many sections and of divers religious beliefs.

This report is published in the November issue of the magazine, *Christian Education*. The report is as follows:

"Compulsory intellectual training is now recognized to be necessary to remedy

illiteracy and its attendant evils. Likewise, it must be recognized and emphasized that universal moral and religious training are necessary in order to remedy moral and religious illiteracy and its even greater attendant evils. The amazing ignorance of our young life of moral and religious principles and of Biblical knowledge is displayed in everyday conversations, in classrooms, and the alarming lawlessness of our times. If our nation is to survive, the moral and religious principles which governed our forefathers must be instilled into the present-day young life of the nation.

"We would not minimize in the slightest degree the duty and the responsibility of fathers and mothers to give to their children in the home the moral and religious training which is the proper heritage of every child. The willingness manifested by many parents to turn over this responsibility to the church and state is a crime, not only against the children whom they have brought into the world, but against the nation of which they are citizens.

"Nor do we minimize the great responsibility of the church through its various distinctive agencies to give moral and religious training. But we must recognize the fact that there are great masses of young people in the public schools who are receiving little, if any, moral and religious training, and that these must be reached in order to secure universal religious training.

"1. We believe that the moral and religious are equally as important elements of human nature as are the physical and the intellectual, and therefore the state should openly and positively recognize the necessity for a thorough moral and religious training and should co-operate in securing such training as far as the constitutions and the laws of the several states of the nation will permit.

"2. We believe that the state should furnish moral instruction in every grade of public school work from the primary grades to the university.

"3. We believe that adequate religious instruction should be provided in every community by the churches acting harmoniously to meet the community needs, and that the state authorities should co-operate in every proper way to secure the attendance of public school children upon such private courses of religious instruction.

"4. We believe that even greater emphasis should be placed upon the dignity and the responsibility of the teaching profession, and that state, church, and private normal schools, colleges, and universities should stress even more strongly the moral and religious elements necessary in the character development of those who are to teach by example as well as by precept the young life of the nation.

"5. We believe that the church should provide adequate buildings for devotional and social purposes in close proximity to higher institutions of learning, both of the state and of the church, and that pastors should be selected for such churches as are able to reach effectually the student body of these higher institutions. This work is of such vital, far-reaching importance that the church boards of education and of missions should carefully investigate the facts in connection with all such schools and wherever it is necessary, make appropriation sufficient to supplement the local church agencies.

"6. We believe that optional courses in religious education should be furnished in all higher institutions of learning, both of church and of state, and that special emphasis should be placed at the present time upon the preparation of an adequate number of men and women to devote themselves to the work of religious education, and we believe that a peculiar responsibility rests upon the Church to train such workers in its own institutions.

"7. We believe that this work is so vital to the national welfare that there should be hearty, effective co-operation between the various denominational agencies, local, state, and national, with the one great purpose that there shall be universal moral and religious training throughout the United States."

It will be noted that these recommendations correspond very closely to the program of religious education adopted by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, that is, the religion class sup-

plementing the public schools and the seminaries located adjacent to the high schools, not to mention the quorum, and the auxiliary association religious teachings provided by the Church.

Certainly the sensible thing is for all of the churches to join forces, to see that the materialism of this age shall not be allowed to eliminate spirituality, even though there are some self-constituted authorities on the fashions of education who would like to rule out of their style-books all materials having a religious shading.

Religion is too deep-seated in human experience and needs, to be summarily brushed aside. Those who are most concerned with the welfare of the race are going to find a way of maintaining spirituality as a vital force in the world, no matter what the opposition may be from those would-be moulders of thought-fashion who because of prejudice would eliminate one of the great factors in human happiness.

*Provo, Utah*

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## A MEMORIAL METAL BOX

BY CHARLES W. LILLYWHITE

Over a desert waste, a thousand miles by team, for years the faithful Latter-day Saints from Arizona made trips to the temples situated in Utah to perform work for their living and dead. Those pioneers of the southland dreamed of a time when, at their own door in their own sunny land, they might enter a temple erected for the performance of sacred ordinances. Later, thousands of dollars were paid by the Saints to enable them to make the journey by rail to Utah; and because of the distance and the expense, many had to forego the pleasure of such labors in the temple. They dreamed of the day when, in Arizona there would be erected a temple, and many of the Saints, whose hair has grown gray in pioneering, are now about to realize their fondest dreams in this respect.

Ceremonies incident to the dedication of a memorial in the form of a metal box placed in the walls of the Arizona temple, were held on the 11th of November, 1923. Hundreds of eager Latter-day Saints gathered for the occasion from the southwestern California and Mexican missions and from Salt Lake City. There were also numerous representatives from the four Arizona stakes, together with many prominent non-"Mormon" friends, who assembled on the cement floor of the west annex and in great attention, looked and listened while the memorial exercises were being held. The choir and congregation sang, "Come, come, ye Saints." There was prayer by Elder Chas. F. Anderson, anthems by the choir, and short talks by President Andrew Kimball and others, of St. Joseph stake; Counselor James M. Flake, of Snowflake; by Prest. J. W. Lesueur and his counselors of the Maricopa stake, and others, including Arthur Price, the supervising

architect; Edwin C. Santeo, native Saint of Papago ward; and a sermon and the dedicatory prayer by Elder Richard R. Lyman of the Council of the Twelve. The exercises marked an important milestone in the progress of the construction of the temple, which bids fair to become a unique, substantial, and handsome structure. The memorial box, sealed in the wall of the structure, contained the standard Church works; *Mormon Settlement in Arizona*, by State Historian, James H. McClintock; Salt Lake, California and Arizona newspapers and other periodicals, a map of pre-historic canals of the valleys, by Omar A. Turney; *The "M,"* a recently launched M. I. A. stake magazine; also a sealed bottle containing alfalfa, cotton, wheat and barley seeds.

At a time when extraordinary efforts are being put forth to unearth historical data pertaining to the history of races who have inhabited this land years before our modern history began, it seems only fitting that we should leave certain evidences of our existence and our progress, hidden in the walls of this temple structure. It is erected almost immediately over the ruins of a once thrifty race who irrigated, tilled and reaped from the same soil we now occupy. Their canals for miles we traverse with our great modern irrigation system under the Roosevelt project. In the fields of this valley our plowmen uncover the implements of war and the home utensils which once served a numerous race inhabiting this land in bygone ages. It is not an exaggeration to state that the structure we now rear as our temple, under the same operations of the elements, will defy the crumbling power of time, reaching out thousands of years into the future. So that, if future generations seek amid the ruins of this beautiful valley after the upheavals of the earth which may again bury its fertility, their attention may be expected to be directed toward this structure. Furthermore, if the future archaeologist should have the means at hand to rend those cement blocks, and give the interpretation of our language, he may find embedded within the massive walls of the Arizona temple a brief and accurate history of the races of the valley as they existed during the early part of the twentieth century.

*Mesa, Arizona.*

## A STUDY OF BOOK OF MORMON TEXTS

BY J. M. SJODAHL

*Laban.* This was the name of the brother of Rebecca, the mother of Jacob, and the father of his two wives, Leah and Rachel. The meaning of the word is "white." It is found in many forms in the Old Testament, such as "Lebanah," "Lebanon," "Libuah," "Libni," "Libnites," all from the same root and having the same fundamental meaning.

From the Book of Mormon we learn that this was the name of a wealthy Israelite of the tribe of Joseph, and a contemporary of Lehi.

It was also, in a slightly modified form, the name of the oldest son of Lehi, Laman.\*

In the latter form the name has become prominent in the history of the Book of Mormon. There were two kings of that name, Laman I and II, father and son. There was a river named Laman and a city of the same name, and when the great schism took place, the descendants of Laman, Lemuel and Ishmael were called *Lamanites*, from the son of Lehi, who was the leading spirit in the events that culminated in the separation.

The name in both forms has been preserved in the accounts of American antiquities, and this fact must be accepted as corroborative of the Book of Mormon.

Nadaillac, after having described the elaborate grandeur and marvelous harmony of the buildings at Uxmal, takes us to the ruins at Kabah and *Labna*, near those of Uxmal. *Labna* is, no doubt, a word related to "Laban," as are the Biblical words "Lebanah," "Libnah," etc. Nadaillac says: "The buildings of Labna were no less remarkable than those of Uxmal; but unfortunately they are in a state of extreme decay. The chief building was covered with stucco ornaments, which are breaking off and rapidly disappearing. One can still make out a row of skulls, some bas-reliefs representing human figures, and a globe of considerable diameter upheld by two men, one of whom is kneeling. All these figures retain some traces of color" (*Prehistoric America*, p. 340). One can obtain some idea of the former magnitude of this city of Labna, or Laban, from the statement of Stephens: "The summits of the neighboring hills are capped with gray, broken walls for miles around."

The name Laman, which is the form in which "Laban" most frequently appears in the Book of Mormon, is still borne by a division of the Kechua† linguistic stock of Indians, the *Lamanos* or *Lamistas*. Concerning the literary achievements of the Kechua stock, Dr. Brinton says: "Its literature was by no means despicable. In spite of the absence of a method of writing, there was a large body of songs, legends, and dramas preserved by oral communication and the guipus. A number of these have been published. Among them the drama *Ollanta* is the most noteworthy. It appears to be a genuine aboriginal production, committed to writing soon after the conquest, and bears the marks of an appreciation of literary form higher than we might have expected. The poems or *Yaraveys* usually turn on love for a theme, and often contain sentiments of force and delicacy" (*The American Race*, p. 215). John Fiske says of the *Ollanta*: "It is a love story, with the scene laid in the time of the great Inca Pachacutec;

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\*"Laman, white, another form of Laban." George Reynolds. *Story of the Book of Mormon*, p. 298.

†The "Kechuas" of Dr. Brinton is the "Quichuas" of John Fiske, and the "Qguichuas" of Nadaillac.



it would make a pleasant scene upon the stage, and is undeniably a pretty poem" (*The Discovery of America*, Vol. 2, p. 363).

Dr. Brinton mentions an independent linguistic stock called Yameos, who, he says, are found along the lower course of the river Javary and also further up the Marañon where they are called Llaveos, Yameos, Lamas and Lamistas. Formerly they were a numerous and war-like nation (*The American Race*, p. 285). The Lama Indians are described as agricultural and industrious, and much given to trade and travel, but small and dirty in appearance. It may safely be inferred from the location of these aborigines along a river that seems to be named after Moroni, that their name is derived from "Laman."

From these quotations it seems clear that the words Laban and Laman were known in America anciently from the northern parts of Yucatan to the region of the sources of the mighty Amazon river, by a people advanced in some arts and literature, as were the Lamanites of the Book of Mormon at one stage of their history.

(To be continued)

## Great is God's Kindness

When the fresh breath of the morning	When the evening shadows creeping
Comes a wafting o'er the Hills,	Blend with shifting twilight ray,
When the sunshine starts adorning	Mother Earth is once more sleeping
All the silvery gushing rills.	From the toils that fill the day.

When the birdies dart and flutter,	When the wind through pine trees
As they voice their glee in song—	stealing
Seems to me I'd not but utter	Chant of weird and haunting sight,
Words of love the whole day long.	Then in prayer we oft' are kneeling
	Asking God's care through the night.

When the sun, in rising splendor,	From the sun's first gleam of gladness
Sifts it's golden shafts around,	Till the shades of night are drawn,
Warmly falls it's glow so tender,	From the hours of settled darkness
That with joy all hearts abound.	Till the coming of the dawn.

When the noon-day zephyrs blowing	I am filled with glad thanksgiving
Gently fan earth's teeming sod,	For the joys we know on earth,
Seems to me these all are showing	May we, through our righteous living,
Mercies granted us from God.	Prove we're worthy of our birth.

Laie, Oahu.

M. F. KIRKHAM.



## "SCOUTING AND WOOL"

### A Sketch

BY CLAUDE C. CORNWALL

Shepherd—*Mr. Redd*; Two Scouts—*Dick and Harry*; Scout-master—*Mr. Adams*.

*Scene opens with Redd coming down hill, hailing Mr. Adams.*

*Redd:* Hey there, young feller, I want to tell you something.

*Adams:* Surely, Mr. Shepherd, I'll be glad to talk with you.

*Redd:* You may not be so glad when you hear what I've got to say.

*Adams:* Is that so? (*very cheerfully*) What is it?

*Redd:* You're one of them scout fellers, ain't you?

*Adams:* I suppose that is very evident. This is a scout uniform.

Redd: Well, I should think you'd take care of your kids instead of lettin' 'em run wild over the hills.

Adams: I don't understand you.

Redd: I ketched two of 'em up on the flat, and they were sure hittin' it for mischief. Mighty lucky I came by just when I did, no tellin' what they might 'a been up to.

Adams: Is that so?

Redd: They'd had a fire. I seen the smoke as I was comin' over the ridge. They must a seen me comin' because when I got there they was pilin' dirt on it tryin' to put it out.

Adams: Well, did they get it out?

Redd: Purty nigh, I guess. I told 'em to be gittin' out o' there mighty sudden and they weren't long about it. Tried to put on and act polite, sayin' they hoped they hadn't done nothin' wrong.

Adams: Well, I'm sorry if they disturbed you. I am sure they wouldn't damage anything that belongs to you.

Redd: Pity if they didn't, ever hear of any boys come snoopin' 'round a camp for any good. Boys is boys, I tell you, and they got to learn to mind their business or keep off this range.

Adams: I must speak to them if they have done anything improper. Did you notice that they had taken anything or disturbed your camp any?

Redd: I got there just in time to scare 'em off.

Adams: (*Pointing off*) There are two boys now. Do they look like the ones?

Redd: Sure—same ones—tall and short.

Adams: Would you mind going back of the tent? I'll question them about this.

Redd: Sure, but you take it from me. Ther's no good comin' out of this scoutin' business; trainin' boys to go chasin' over the hills, doin' damage and startin' fires. They ought to be taught to work, same as me. Started to work herdin' sheep when I was 13. Been at it ever since. (*Mumbling he goes*) No monk-eyin' for me. It was always work, work.

(*Enter Dick and Harry singing, "Hike Along"*)

Adams: Well, boys, back from the hike? How did you get along?

Dick: Great, just seven miles (*examining pedometer*) exactly.

Harry: Here's the map, wait till I mark the last stop.

Dick: Sure had a lot of interesting things happen.

Harry: I got the places all marked.

Adams: And what were some of those interesting things? (*Herder comes out and listens*)

Harry: (*with map*) Here's where we started, went first to the creek here, then over the ridge and up to this spring.

Dick: We put up a "good water" sign on the trail here.

- Harry:* Then we went over this hill and found a large valley here. followed down on top of the ridge, we could hear sounds of sheep bells and bleating, so decided to go down and see them. Here we found a sheepherder's tent; nobody was in so we looked around.
- Dick:* He had a gun and a box of shells on the bed and mutton hanging up in a tree.
- Harry:* Some mutton he had cooked in a dutch oven looked mighty good, but we didn't touch it. Only took off the lid and looked in. (*Herder more curious*)
- Dick:* Gosh! it did look good there in the white grease. If we'd heated it up, it sure would have made your mouth water.
- Harry:* Then we went down to where the sheep were feeding, here, and one of the lambs was caught in the brush. He was lying there almost exhausted.
- Dick:* With his tongue out and panting.
- Harry:* I took my knife and cut the limbs of the brush so as it could get its leg free. We felt it and found the leg broken just above the joint. Dick made a splint and we bound it up.
- Dick:* Used up all that new roller bandage.
- Harry:* Then we carried it down to the creek and gave it a drink. Thought we had better have lunch here, so we sat down by the creek and ate.
- Dick:* When we got through dinner that sheep was standing up. I hope when the owner finds it he knows how to loosen that splint.
- Harry:* Then we crossed the creek and went up through the aspen grove to the ridge here.
- Dick:* You can see all over the valley from here.
- Harry:* And came into the clearing. Here we thought we'd see if we could make a fire with two matches each and had a race. Dick got started first with one match, but let it go out again.
- Dick:* I think I blew it out, trying to make it go.
- Harry:* So I got mine started first. Well, we sat around the fires awhile until they were almost burned up and then started a contest to see which could put his fire out first.
- Dick:* Just then a sheepherder came down a running. Thought at first he was going to hit me with his stick. He was sure mad about something; told us to clean out mighty quick, so we begged his pardon and cleared, taking the road marked over this ridge.
- Harry:* Here is a picture of the chase. This is the herder, and this is Dick. He's more scared than I am. But I beat him to this cave where we drew the picture.
- Dick:* If that was his sheep we fixed up we got a funny kind of pay.
- Harry:* He'll probably kill the sheep first time he sees it.
- Dick:* Maybe he thinks we broke its leg.

- Redd:* Please let me look at that map. (*Boys start back, afraid.*)  
*Adams:* Surely, Mr. Herder, what do you want to see.  
*Redd:* Where did they leave that sheep?  
*Adams:* Here near the creek.  
*Harry:* We put it in the shade of a big pine.  
*Redd:* (*Touched*) I had no idea that boys would do like you did. I hope you young chaps will forgive me for what I said. If that is scouting, I'm for letting it go.  
*Adams:* We try to teach these young fellows to be good sports wherever they are, and to do a good turn every time they get a chance.  
*Redd:* Well, I must say my ideas on scouting has changed some today, you can let your hull troop loose on the range any time you say, partner. (*As he leaves*) If you young chaps would care for that left over mutton, jest come up to camp tonight and we'll put the kettle on the fire.
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## The Promise

They tell me to forget my little lad,  
Whose wond'ring eyes are closed in silent death,  
Whose tiny lips have breathed their last sweet breath;  
The smallest of the three, that merry tad  
Pulling a funny face to please his Dad,  
Hugging my knees or chasing 'round the room  
Playing at ride-a-horse upon a broom,  
Picking the choisest flowers Grandma had,  
'Till chubby fists were full.

I'll not forget!

Of all my mem'ries this will be the best:  
Upon the Master's promise I'll depend;  
For while the grief of parting tortures yet,  
With gentle word of hope my soul is blest  
That he will be restored and sorrow end.

HERMAN J. WELLS.

# NEW PROOF FOR THE "WORD OF WISDOM"

BY C. Y. CANNON, DEPT. OF ANIMAL HUSBANDRY,  
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

That there is a fundamental and scientific basis for the "Word of Wisdom," as enunciated by Joseph Smith, has often been shown, and recent experiments on a phase of the subject dealt with in the revelation, which is not so commonly discussed, bear an interesting relationship to the famous doctrine of the Latter-day Saint.

Section 89:14-17 of the Doctrine and Covenants reads as follows:

All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the staff of life, not only for man but for the beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth.

All grain is good for the food of man, as also the fruit of the vine, that which yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground.

Nevertheless, wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, and for all beasts of the field, and barley for all useful animals, and mild drinks, as also other grain.

It is noted from these verses that all grains can be used both for man or for beast, but certain grains are best for certain animals. The 17th verse says that specifically wheat is for man, corn for the ox, oats for the horse, and rye for fowls and swine.

In the light of this very definite statement a series of experiments carried out by the Experiment Station, at Madison, Wisconsin, (Wis. Bul. 275) are extremely interesting. These experiments deal with only certain phases of the statement above cited but the results are quite conclusive.

Swine were fed on a ration that was composed, in a large measure, of wheat. After about nine months on this ration they began to lose weight, finally showing difficulty in moving about, labored breathing, and muscular twitching. The motor cells of the spinal cord were shrunken, surrounded by fluid, and appeared to be under pressure, a condition similar to that produced in beri-beri. In beri-beri these effects are due to a deficiency of the vitamin water soluble, while in these cases it was due to the poison in the wheat embryo.

Although in this experiment the swine were not fed rye alone to see the effect it would have on them, still the experiment distinctly shows that wheat fed alone over long periods of time, is not healthful for swine.

In experiments with chickens fed on wheat, there was an increase in the death rate, and when on corn the death rate appeared slightly larger, although the ones that lived in both cases appeared healthy and vigorous and laid fertile eggs. It must be noted here that the death rate was large and that in another experiment involving young chickens, only about 5/6 of the chickens survived the experiment. It would

appear then that neither of these grains gave ideal results. In the poultry producing section of Belgium it is customary to feed the fowls almost exclusively on a rye diet, and the results obtained are very favorable. Undoubtedly work along this line will be done in the future and we can watch for the results with considerable interest.

No work in this series of experiments was done with oats and horses, still it is the consensus of opinion that this is the best horse feed known.

The work with cows is probably most significant, for it was done with both wheat and corn. Let me quote from the authors of this bulletin, "In all the work a chemically balanced ration from the wheat plant and its product has never produced normal calves, while a ration from the corn plant has always produced vigorous offspring."

When the products of the wheat plant alone were fed, the calves were born blind and weak and lived only a short time. It seemed that the effect of feeding wheat was cumulative in the cows, for when the effect did not show at first, it always showed at the next birth.

Products from the corn plant on the other hand, proved extremely successful in the production of vigorous calves for in no case in these trials did it fail.

It must not be concluded from the results here indicated that it is bad practice to feed other grains than the particular ones to the particular animals as given in the quotation from the revelation by Joseph Smith, for "All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts." These experiments do prove that when a ration is balanced entirely from one single grain plant the results on the animals were disastrous, except in the one case where corn was fed to cows.

A contemplation of these things ought to fill one with a greater faith in the inspiration of Joseph Smith, and this great revelation on the "Word of Wisdom."

*Provo, Utah.*

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## Books

We have received from the Brigham Young University Extension Division Circular No. 1 entitled, "Suggestions on Plays and Their Production," by T. Earl Pardoe, professor of public speaking and dramatic art of this institution. The twenty-four-page pamphlet is very helpful on the subject that it treats and should be of great value to members of the M. I. A. who contemplate producing plays during the season. A great part of the pamphlet is devoted to the naming of plays of one-act, more than one-act, oriental plays, books about plays and the theatre, play publishers, costumes, and make-up, language on the stage, for dramatic students and other information. There is also a list of plays that may be borrowed from the University for reading purposes only, which must be returned within ten days. This ought to be a great help to those who are hunting for the right kind of plays to be produced.

# OUR PRESENT FARM MARKETING SYSTEM

BY W. L. WANLESS, DEAN SCHOOL OF COMMERCE AND  
ADMINISTRATION, UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

During the one hundred thirty-five years that this nation has existed under the constitution, there have been not less than thirteen periods of business depression, each with its corresponding period of prosperity and the usual intermediate stages. This recurring movement from "hard-times" to prosperity and back again is called the "business cycle." On the average, the circle of events is completed in a period of ten years. The particular depression through which we passed last winter though particularly severe on farmers because of the sudden and marked decline in the prices of agricultural products, on the whole caused much less suffering than several of the previous "panics" or "crises."

In each one of these periods of depression some one part of our economic system has been singled out as being particularly responsible for the trouble. Sometimes it was our land policy, sometimes it was our money or our credit system. This time our marketing or distributive system was indicted as the chief culprit, with taxes and the Federal Reserve System as accomplices in the crime.

As a matter of fact, hard-times follow over-prosperity and expansion, because human nature is so constituted that it cannot stand great prosperity. But, like the Israelites of old, we prefer to make something besides ourselves the scape-goat.

The result of this criticism is that volumes have been written about our marketing organization—some of it true, most of it false—because those who have written have not taken the trouble to inform themselves. Most of these critics would agree that all middle-men should be shot before sunrise or sooner. Such propaganda, for it is hardly more than that, is much more likely to lead to darkness than to light.

If one would really understand our present marketing organization he must study carefully at least three things. First, he must appreciate the amount of work that has to be done in moving goods from the place of primary production to the point of ultimate consumption. Second, he must understand the methods that are now being used in performing this enormous task. Third, he must have at least some knowledge of the various marketing agencies that have been established to perform these functions. Many a farmers' organization has gone on the rocks because its sponsors saw only the middle-man that would be displaced by it, but failed utterly to appreciate the function that was being performed. A full page advertisement of a farmers' national organization shows a large crane taking the products of the



farm right over the heads of a disappointed looking group of middlemen, to the "legitimate" market, but it fails to indicate what forces are moving the crane.

When one approaches the study of our "market problem" from the standpoint of the task to be performed, he is almost overwhelmed by the enormity of that task. He is no longer surprised by the fact that it costs as much to market the product of this country as it does to produce them, in the primary sense. He learns that more than half of the people of the United States live in cities, many of them far removed from sources of supply. He finds, too, that of the 42,000,000 people engaged in gainful occupations, nearly 30,000,000 or almost three-fourths must have all their food brought to them, generally from distant points. What is even more surprising, the farmers themselves depend on outside sources for at least fifty per cent of their food supplies, to say nothing of the many other things that they require but do not produce.

As he studies the marketing system more closely, he finds that the major task falls into several fairly well-defined sub-divisions or functions. Because most of the supply comes from small producing units, there must be assembling of the products at points of concentration: because consumers demand it and economical methods of marketing require it, products must be classified, graded and packed according to accepted standards; because we have a system of territorial division of production, most of our products must be transported long distances before they reach their maximum value; because many farm products are not fit for consumption in their natural or raw state, they must be processed by various means; because most of these goods are produced seasonally, many of them must be stored until they are required for use; because products can be handled and stored most economically in large volume, there must be a grand breaking up process so that they may reach the ultimate consumer in the very small quantities that he requires; and finally, since ninety percent of our marketing is done on a credit basis, there must be an elaborate banking or credit system to meet this need.

Besides these regular marketing functions there are many other auxiliary services such as market reporting and the furnishing of communication facilities that are contributory to the marketing organization as a whole.

From this brief sketch, even though given only in broadest outline, it is possible to get some idea of the scope of that which we call marketing. It should be evident, too, that those who perform these important services are just as truly producers as those who work on the farm or in the factory. If some of them are inefficient, they are no more so than farmers who raise a hundred million bushels of potatoes in excess of the nation's needs.

When we consider the methods by which the various functions of marketing are performed, less need be said. It is sufficient to point

out that many of these methods are the direct result of the demands, the whims, and the fancies of the consumer in the market. This is particularly true of such things as grading, packing and packaging.

Throughout the field of marketing, as in all our economic system, there are operating certain fundamental economic laws or principles which, if recognized and followed will almost certainly bring success. Such is the principle known to economists as the law of diminishing costs. This is just another way of saying that the larger the volume handled in a given enterprise the less, generally speaking, will be the per unit cost of handling. It is the recognition of, and adherence to, this principle that has caused so much of our marketing to become highly centralized. Much yet remains to be done in improving marketing methods. In some lines we are just beginning to see the possibilities. But very rapid progress is being made both in the direction of meeting the ever-increasing demands and fancies of the consumer and in taking advantage of the economic forces that underlie the whole structure. Naturally those enterprises, whether private, cooperative or corporate, that have gone farthest in these directions are achieving the greatest business success.

If we turn now to a consideration of the various marketing agencies, we find, as might be expected, a close relationship between the agencies and the services they are intended to render. Actuated by the universal desire for profits, middlemen of many kinds have set up their establishments along the line of the long journey of goods from primary producers to ultimate consumer. Some are very large; some are very small. From the standpoint of efficiency, some would rank high; others exceedingly low. Generally speaking, profits are actually realized only by those that succeed in reducing costs below those of their least efficient competitors. There are always those who are just on the edge or margin. Many of these swell the list of business failures.

Undoubtedly, the chief defect of our marketing system is that there are too many middlemen at certain stages in the marketing process. This is particularly true at both ends of the journey of the goods—that is, at the country shipping points and in the retail trade. Here the volume of each unit is so small that there is much loss due to their inability to take advantage of the law of diminishing costs and in the burden of needless over-head. Ordinarily, the retailers' margin of gross profit is larger than those of all other middlemen handling the same commodities combined.

While it is easy to point out this defect, it is not so easy to suggest a remedy. In this country we have complete freedom of economic enterprise. If a person wishes to become a middleman, even though they are already super-abundant, there is no law, except the economic law, that would deny him the privilege. Those that are more efficient are reluctant to sacrifice a part of their margin of profit in order to eliminate the less efficient. They calculate, often erroneously, that the in-

creased volume would not compensate them for the decreased margin. Unfortunately, too many consumers are likely to turn their support and sympathy to the poor, inefficient middleman and condemn his more successful competitor as a profiteer. In this way, society loses much of the potential advantage of increased efficiency in marketing.

If we are to improve this marketing system—and certainly it will be improved in many ways—we must cease condemning the system in general and direct our criticisms toward particular services, methods and agencies. The “shot-gun” method must give way to the more precise, better directed rifle shot. In this way, and in this way only, can real progress in this or any other field of human activity be made.  
*Logan, Utah.*

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## UNDERSTANDING—FAITH

BY DR. GEORGE H. BRIMHALL

*With all thy getting, get understanding—With all thy findings,  
find faith*

When Solomon said: “With all thy getting, get understanding,” he included the light of faith.

We find our way by feeling as well as by seeing. A philosophy of life that has not faith in it is too untrue to the nature of man to be trusted as a guide. The crowding of God out of the head means the crowding of humanity out of the heart, and with humanity out of the heart, the hand, however skilled, becomes our instrument of destruction. Such is the story that time has told and still is telling of individuals and of groups.

I read, “An angel from on high, the long, long silence broke,” and I believed that Moroni spoke to Joseph Smith. The inter-communication between God and man is a part of the philosophy of life that I fill: The heavens are not darkened, they are full of stars of hope.

I read in a work of modern thought, “If you hear a voice, don’t answer, run for a doctor.” This is a part of another philosophy of life. The heavens are darkened, sunless, moonless, starless. With such a philosophy, man makes it impossible for Divinity to help him. In the darkness of such doubt, man loses faith in his own consciousness. For, should an angel appear to a follower in dis-belief in God he would immediately category himself among the hallucinated. Jesus points out this doctrine of spiritual blindness brought on by the entertainment of atheistic ideas in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. “They would not believe though one were sent them from the dead.”

The state of having lost the power to believe in God is one to be thought of with dread. It is the loss of power to more than *partly* understand ourselves and the universe. *With all our finding, let us find faith.*

# FROM THE CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

## Choristers' Manual—Lesson IV—Notation

BY EDWARD P. KIMBALL

Notation is music's written language; it is "the art of representing musical tones by means of characters." Grove defines it as "the art of expressing musical ideas in writing," which is a most satisfactory definition, because there is much in music to express beside tones. Musical notation is so familiar to the student nowadays that comparatively few realize the slow stages of its development and evolution before it reached its present comprehensiveness and perfection. A historical study is not purposed here.

Grove summarizes the principles of our present notation as follows:

1. The relative pitch of sounds is indicated by the position of signs, called notes, on a staff of five lines, which can be extended when required by the addition of ledger lines. The cleff forms the key of the staff. (In German it is called "key.")
2. The relative time values of notes are shown by their shapes.
3. The relative force of accents is shown by the position of the notes with regard to the bar-lines.
4. The key and rhythm of a composition are shown by signatures.
5. The whole note is the "mother" of the other notes, the remaining notes taking their values, as  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{4}$ , etc., of the whole note.
6. The rhythmic scheme is shown by bar lines.
7. Expression requirements of the music thus written shown by easily understood words and signs placed above and below the staff.

Anyone, who has not made a thorough and systematic study of notation, will find, on giving the subject some attention, that most persons, even musicians, are wont to be more or less careless in their use of terminology and the details of notation. While there may be a slight variety permissible in the designation of some details, our present system is so complete that there need be no reason why everyone cannot and should not be familiar with the essentials at least. Just as it is impossible to understand completely the content of a page of written language except one is perfectly familiar with every sign and symbol which has been used in *setting the thought* down, so it is not possible to comprehend fully a page of written music, unless one understands the meaning of every sign and symbol made use of to put it into print. This is the contention upon which this lesson is based. If the chorister who is in charge of the class during the discussion of these lessons is not by training and experience capable of conducting this lesson, which is really purely technical in character, so that the subjects set forth here as deserving consideration may be fully elucidated both in theory and practice, it is suggested that a professional musician, or other fully competent to teach these things, be asked to take charge of the department for the treatment of the subject of notation.

Believing that a text book is almost indispensable to the profitable consideration of this lesson, the Church Music Committee recommends that each stake secure at least one copy of *Music Notation and Terminology*, by Karl W. Gehrkens, from the Deseret Book Co., 44 East South Temple St., Salt Lake City, \$1.60, postpaid. The material of this lesson follows closely that text. The subjects for discussion are as follows:

- I. Some features of correct notation. 1. Notes, kinds, etc. (a) Rules for turning stems. (b) Necessity for turning stems when two voices are written on one staff. (c) Use of the cross stroke writing notes that are grouped together with

one beat, or otherwise. 2. Rests, kinds, etc. 3. Cleffs. (a) G cleff. (b) F cleff. 4. Sharp and double sharp. 5. Flat and double flat. 6. Natural or cancel sign. 7. Tie. 8. Dot after note or rest. Two dots after note or rest.

II. Symbols used in writing music. 1. Staff, Brace. 2. Leger lines. (why?) 3. Key signature. (a) What it is. (b) How formed. (c) How to determine whether major or minor key. 4. Accidentals. (a) Their introduction usually means a temporary change of key from that indicated by the key-signature. (This item is important!) (b) Before a double sharp or double flat. 5. Ties—also across bar. Accidentals tied across bar. 6. Altered staff degrees. 7. Meaning of "inharmonic;" illustration. 8. Notes: (a) Pitch. (b) Length of tones. (c) Present table of notes and rests. (d) A peculiar use of whole rest (to fill a measure of any kind of time. 9. Bar. 10. Double bar.

III. Abbreviations, signs, etc. 1. Signs for repetitions. 2. Word "simile." (meaning) 3. Extended rest for several bars. 4. Pause; "fermata;" hold. 5. Alteration of pitch; 8 va., etc. 6. Dots above or below notes. 7. Dash over notes. 8. Slur. 9. Slur with dots. 10. Dash and dot over notes. 11. Accent marks. 12. Sign, d. s.; d. c., etc. 13. Fine (finish). 14. Arpeggio—ways of writing, etc.

Note: Much of this lesson may appear on first thought to be extremely elementary, but the experienced teacher knows that it is the fundamentals that are overlooked or neglected. It is urged, therefore, that every item be given the same careful attention that would be given, if the class were in ignorance of the material. In this way can any omission be guarded against. Oftimes ignorance of a small detail will bring about an insurmountable barrier to progress.

(To be continued next month)

## Movies Suitable for Ward Presentation

The following motion pictures have been previewed by the joint committee of recreation General Boards of the Mutual Improvement Associations. They are found to be, in general, suitable for presentation in our ward Church houses. Some of these pictures carry a real moral message, others are essentially for entertainment. Write for information to the Bureau of Visual Instruction, University of Utah, from which the pictures may be secured.

*The Three Musketeers*—12 reels. Douglas Fairbanks. Romantic melodrama of French court life.

*Little Lord Fauntleroy*—10 reels. Mary Pickford. Story of change in child's life from poverty to luxury.

*Way Down East*—12 reels. Barthelmess, Gish. New England and home drama.

*Tess of the Storm Country*—10 reels. Mary Pickford. Romance of girl who finds happiness through unselfishness and thought of others.

*Tailor Made Man*—9 reels. Charles Ray. Comedy of a tailor.

*When the Clouds Roll By*—6 reels, Douglas Fairbanks. Melodrama and adventure.

*Disraeli*—7 reels. George Arliss. Historical drama.

*Pollyanna*—6 reels. Mary Pickford. Comedy drama of domestic child.

*Headless Horseman*—7 reels. Will Rogers. Ichabod Crane's story.

*For Napoleon and France*—6 reels. All-Star. A thrilling and emotional drama of French history involving a love story.

*Robinhood*—11 reels. Douglas Fairbanks. History and legend of King Richard and Robinhood.

*Lorna Doone*—7 reels. Madge Bellamy. Adventures of English-Scotch border. Blackmore's novel.

*Smilin' Through*—8 reels. Norma Talmadge. Irish story and family feuds and spirit visitations.

# LIFE'S VISIONS AND PURPOSES

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class, M. I. A., 1923-24

BY PRESIDENT EMERITUS GEORGE H. BRIMHALL, AND DEAN  
HARRISON V. HOYT OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

## Lesson XIII—Our Community Or Neighborhood

### A. Questions and Problems.

1: If you were choosing a neighborhood in which to live, what physical features would attract you, and what points would repel you? 3 minutes. 2. What questions would you ask concerning the social conditions of a neighborhood in seeking to determine whether it would be a desirable place in which to live? 2 minutes. 3. Name the characteristics of a good neighborhood. 1 minute. 4. What is neighborly treatment of a new member of a neighborhood? 3 minutes. 5. Give the illustrative definition of a "neighbor" as recorded in Luke 10:25-37. 3 minutes.

### B. Suggestive Topics:

Themes from which the teacher may select one for a talk. 15 minutes.

1. Neighborhood improvement a growth towards the Millennium. 2. The ideal community: (a) City of Enoch, (b) The Church among the Nephites, (c) One of the future. 3. The picture show as a community builder.

C. Discussion. 15 minutes: The One Greatest Need of our Community, Ward or Neighborhood. (Send results to the *News* correspondent.)

### D. Some Subject Matter:

1. Conditions that attract and conditions that repel.—There stood a splendid residence on a choice southeast corner of a block in a growing town. The grounds were well kept, and the side walks free from weeds, and even the streets were clean bordering this modern home. It was for sale, and prospective buyers expressed their admiration of the home, but—something held it on the market, that something was the shabbiness of the neighborhood. A lady positively refused to consider having a home built for her in a locality where everything was weather-beaten. Her refusal was based upon the conclusion that people who won't paint are shiftless. It is astonishing what new life may be put into a landscape by the use of paint.

Seedy sidewalks and cobble-strewn streets advertise a neighborhood as a good place to keep away from. The old oaken bucket indicates a dangerous water supply, and the street bordered corral is evidence of a woeful absence of community aesthetics. The lawn and the flower plot call enticingly to the passer-by, "Come again." Muddy street-crossings produce a repulsion that almost overbalances the attractiveness of expensive sidewalks; the private junk-heap is a public menace and the absence of inadequate sewerage is a most objectionable condition. Smoke hanging over a community stands for "*over-head in dirt*"—better mud on the feet than soot in the lungs. Most inhabitants of large cities know what the business man meant by saying, "*I work in the city but live in the country.*"

2. Summary of Desirable conditions.—Pure air, uncontaminated water supply, adequate sewerage, clean sidewalks, improved streets, aesthetic yards, artistic buildings, absence of slum conditions, favorable attitude towards general improvement, spirit of optimism, law and order attitude, a neighborly atmosphere, educational advantages, opportunities for elevative entertainment, good credit, general thrift, and reverence for spiritual entities.

3. Treatment of the New-Comer.—The community has a right to some introduction of the new-comer. As a rule, the person with no past

fit for presentation is not entitled to the confidence of the public. But, when once introduced by officials or other trustworthy recommendation, all the courtesies of neighborliness should be extended, the friendly call, the invitation to return the visit, should come so graciously from the "old settlers" that the new-comer *feels* a warm welcome. It is the wholesomeness of a greeting that counts in the making of friends. In circumstance of distress, however, we need not ask "what of the past" of the unfortunate one. The good Samaritan heart responds to the call for help; that heart-call makes of the stranger our neighbor.

The new-comer, however, should not be hoisted over the heads of the "old settlers" in places of preference simply because of his newness. Other things being equal, preferences should be given to those to whom the community owes most. A new-comer who gives evidence of having come into a neighborhood for the sole purpose of preference may well be kept on the office-seeking waiting list. In cases where the new-comer brings to the community superior ability and good-will interests, it would be a community mistake to not make use of this ability and interest by putting him in a position of power.

A young couple visioned, purposed, and built a log cabin on a sagebrush-covered homestead. They visioned, purposed and made real fields of grain. They visioned, purposed, and built a cottage, and later they visioned, purposed, and led in the building of a community. They "made good," and are enjoying the fruitage of their visions and purposes, but that joy has no more of sweetness in it than did the joy of visioning, purposing, and executing. Our community means a place for the communion of the better selves of the individuals composing it; a place where the lower selves do not commune; a place where hate dies of loneliness, greed finds no companion, and strife finds no associates. It means what W. W. Phelps poetically paints in the hymn, "Glorious things are sung of Zion." (See Hymn Book).

#### Lesson XIV—Our State

##### A. Questions and Problems.

1. In what respect is a state in our nation "free and independent," and in what particulars is it subordinate to the general government? 3 minutes. 2. Sing, recite, or read your state song. 3 minutes. 3. Speak of your state emblem. 3 minutes. (a) description, (b) meaning, (c) origin, (d) patriotic value. 4. Tell of your state flower. 3 minutes. (a) name and description, (b) why adopted. 5. Why choose your state as a place in which to live? 3 minutes.

##### B. Suggestive themes from which teacher may select one for a talk.

1. Ever-ready knowledge of our state. (a) meaning of the name. (b) boundaries. (1) what they are. (2) history of them. (c) its chief natural resources. (d) its scenic attractiveness, (e) its population: (1) number, (2) general character. 2. Our great state builders, (a) men, (b) women. 3. The Outlook for our state.

C. Class Discussion.—The loyalty of a state that refuses to enact and enforce a law to aid the enforcement of a federal law.

D. Some Subject-Matter—As to the freedom and independence of states there has been a wide divergence of opinion. Previous to the Civil war of the U. S., many statesmen held that the freedom of states extended to the privilege of withdrawing from the Union at pleasure, and this view of states' rights became the first issue of the "Rebellion". It is known in history as the "Lost Cause." In general the states are free to do that which does not conflict with the Constitution of the United States. The state is subordinate to the Union in that its constitution must meet the approval of the General Government. The states are bound by interstate laws of the general government. The state must respond to the call of the general government.

Suggestions.—The member to whom question number one is assigned may profitably consult a history or an encyclopedia on states' rights or get help from some teacher or lawyer.

The *truth* will make us free and *truth seeking* will make us *strong*. Get the answer, give the answer, and grow with the getting and the giving.

State songs function as promoters of state patriotism; they contain the sentiments of the builders and lovers of the state; loyalty lives in the lines, and comes to our hearts on the wings of music. A song so meritorious as to win official and popular preference in a commonwealth is so worth while that it will pay to read it through, think it through, recite it through and then sing it through. The more the state song becomes a part of us, the more we become a part of the state.

What is the emblem of my state? Why was it adopted? Of what benefit can it be to the state? are questions worth while to every one. Such ignorance is not "bliss"; it is embarrassment.

Most states have a state flower and some have adopted a state tree. In answering question number four, either the natural flower, an artificial one, or a painting of one will add interest to the answer. In some way we become attached to a locality; children born and reared in Siberia, a place to which their parents were banished, yearn for the land of their nativity, and though they are free to go where they choose, find no place like the land of their birth. This *grip of the ground*, unless disturbed by the shaking of thought, may hold one even where "chill penury repressed their noble rage, and froze the genial current of the soul."

The progressive inhabitant of the state will be able to give reasons for the love within him, and with every reason there will be found a growth of appreciation which is the very essence of love. To the inhabitants of the Beehive State, Utah is made emotionally preferable by his singing, "Utah, we love thee," but it is made thoughtfully preferably by knowing her as a state of almost inexhaustible sources of wealth and scenic beauty, and of front rank educational place.

When the state of New York repealed its prohibition law, the press was divided in its comments on the action of the Empire state. Some of the papers held that its act amounted to nothing less than an expression of disloyalty—a sort of desertion, a refusal to stand by the general government in a moral struggle. Other editors took the ground that the charge of disloyalty was not warranted by the conditions, holding that the enforcement of all Congressional enactments was the duty of the general government, which was amply able to carry its own responsibilities.

The event brings up a problem which calls for the thought of a free people, and Henry Clay expressed an eternal truth when he declared: "A free people must be a thoughtful people." The discussion suggested in this lesson will not rest on the question as to whether New York was loyal or not, but, on the question of whether we would consider our state loyal, if it should do as the state of New York did.

## Lesson XV—Our Country

### A. Questions and Problems.

1. What are the land possessions of your country? 2 minutes. 2. How did your country come into possession of its territory? (Use map if practicable). 2 minutes. 3. What are your points of preference for your country? (Give at least three.) 3 minutes. 4. What does your flag symbolize and how does the American flag provide for expansion of its symbolization? 5. Sing, recite, or read your favorite national song. 3 minutes.

B. Suggestive themes from which teacher may select one. 15 minutes.

1. The Constitution of your country. 2. What constitutes loyalty to country.



3. Love of country. 4. Religious liberty the most desirable characteristic of a nation.
5. National perpetuity dependent upon respect for national laws.

C. Class Discussion.—The one greatest need of our country.

Send result to *News* correspondent.

D. Subject Matter to Aid in Preparation of Questions.—1. The land possessions of the United States consist of the forty-eight states, Alaska, the Philippines, the Hawaiian Island, and the Panama Canal Zone.

The forty-eight states comprise the thirteen original colonies, and six other separately acquired possessions, namely:

1. The Louisiana Purchase. 2. Florida. 3. The Northwest, consisting of Oregon, Washington, and part of Idaho. 4. The Southwest, consisting of California, Nevada, Utah, Part of Arizona, and New Mexico. 5. Texas. 6. The southern part of Arizona and New Mexico.

2. The thirteen original colonies extending west to Mississippi and exclusive of Florida, gained their independence from Great Britain in 1783. The territory known as the Louisiana Purchase was purchased from France in 1803, for fifteen million dollars. Florida was purchased from Spain, for five million dollars, in 1819. The title to the Oregon territory was acquired through exploration of Lewis and Clark, and others, and by treaty with Great Britain in 1846. California, Nevada, Utah, and part of Arizona were obtained from Mexico, by treaty, in 1848, at the conclusion of the Mexican war. The Mormon Battalion functioned prominently in this war. Texas was obtained by annexation after it had gained its independence from Mexico. The southern part of Arizona and New Mexico was purchased from Mexico in 1853 for ten million dollars, the negotiations being arranged by James Gadsden. Alaska was purchased from Russia in 1867, for the sum of seven million two hundred thousand dollars. The Philippines were acquired in 1898 after the Spanish-American war as a result of an agreement binding us to pay Spain twenty million dollars. The Hawaiian Islands were annexed in 1893, on petition of its people.

3. Our physical needs enter largely into our preference for our country. We prefer a country where our chances are favorable for getting employment, by means of which we can earn a living, and prepare for old age. We also prefer a country extending religious freedom. Man's spiritual needs require that desirable country should extend absolute religious tolerance and freedom. We also prefer our country because of sentiment, sentiment in regard to accustomed traditions and sentiment in regard to family, friends, and childhood ties, and surroundings.

4. Every national flag is a reflection of its people individually and collectively. Thus if we work hard our flag stands for industry; if our lives are devoted to service, our flag stands for service and brotherhood; if we love our fellowmen, our flag stands for love; if we always give a square deal, our flag stands for justice and mercy; and if we place our trust in God, our flag stands for divine strength.

5. The inspired poem and beloved national song, "The Star Spangled Banner," was written by Francis Scott Key, an American. The author was being detained on a British ship which was bombarding Fort McHenry during the war of 1812, between the United States and England. The great poet commences with an inquiry and hope for the safety of his countrymen and flag. He then rises to a state of great exaltation at the thought that the flag is still safely waving. Then a prayer and supplication follow, "O long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!" The poet then turns prophet and predicts that the flag will forever float, "Where freemen shall stand between their loved homes and the war's desolation," as long as the "cause is just" and, "in God is our trust!"

# Editors' Table

## Are There a People in the Far North?

### A Contemplated Trans-polar Flight

The giant navy dirigible ZR-1, which was recently tested, is tentatively scheduled, by the U. S. Naval Board, for an air expedition to the polar regions next Summer. This voyage according to Vilhjalmur Steffensson, the famous Arctic explorer, will mark "one of the turning points in history." Lieut-Commander Fitzhugh Green, member of the Mac Millan expedition of 1917, and now aid to Admiral Williams, President of the Naval War College, Newport, R. I., has outlined the studies he has made of the subject, and told of the possibility of a vast unexplored area of a million square miles of land awaiting a national claimant, according to telegraphic advices from Washington, under date of December 8, 1923. It is intended, according to an article in the *Popular Science Monthly* for December, 1923, to cross the pole from Point Barrow in Alaska to Norway, and so witness and investigate this unexplored area of a million square miles of the surface of the globe on which no human eye has heretofore gazed. "Most of this enormous wilderness lies on the Alaskan side of the Pole. On the European side lies Iceland at a point corresponding roughly to the center of the unknown area opposite it, across the top of the world." It is announced, in the article referred to, that "in the center of the unknown area may be discovered a vast continent heated by subterranean fires and inhabited by the descendants of the lost Norwegian colony of Greenland;" that "experts are in nearly unanimous agreement that a new Arctic land will be found on this trip by the ZR-1." Dr. Harris, the tidal expert in Washington D. C., is said to have declared long ago that the data he had worked out from the polar ocean currents all convinced him that "the existence of a large land-mass near the North Pole is indisputable." The proposed air route of the ZR-1, from Alaska to Norway, will, it is said, cut the distance to European and Asiatic capitals from 11,000 to 5,000 miles, passing over what many geologists believe to be the unexplored polar land, as stated. A theory that volcano heat provides the necessary warmth for an unknown people, who live in a volcano-surrounded center of this hidden land, is advanced. Fifty thousand square miles, or about the size of the state of Pennsylvania, is said to be a rough estimate of the size of the land—an undulating, fertile plateau, steam-heated by hot springs, geysers and boiling pools, and rimmed by a volcanic range of mountains,—which is thus "bulwarked by a quake-distorted range of mountains buried in eternal ice and snow and rearing 10,000 feet

into the sky." Behind this barrier rises a veil of vapor, and "twisting fiords penetrate the ragged ice-gnarled coast."

The article further describes some imaginary conditions, which, however, have some scientific foundation, concerning this land and its people:

"Just inside the mountains, hangs a veil of fog, the vapor of contrasting temperatures, for here we may imagine the aspect changes sharply. Heat from a nether world defies the cold. White of snow and ice shades swiftly to the green of verdant pastures and gold of wooded uplands.

"We come upon a level clearing on which are spread symmetrically half a hundred human habitations. Tall men magnificently built and clad in short and bright-hued loosely fitting blouses are moving leisurely about. Mingling with them are comely, fair-haired women in dainty smocks. Laughing children dash here and there among the shrubbery.

"No savages are these descendants of the vanished colony. Indeed, we shall be mistaken if they are not far in advance of our smug selves in culture, learning, deportment, and social refinement. They have harnessed natural energy to an amazing degree. They know the truths of other worlds. They have mastered the secrets of health."

Such a prognostication is indulged in by those who "picture a polar paradise like some Titan emerald in its alabaster setting."

But, coming from these speculations to features savoring of cold, hard facts, we learn that a polar air route is an argument in favor of Alaska as a starting point for the flight, because of its closer proximity to the pole; and the possibility that a vast volume of commerce and traffic may be deflected from America *via* the pole; also that observations of air currents could possibly be made that would be of value in weather predictions. The fact that so many of the conditions which enter into weather predictions occur in the far north, would make it valuable to push the area of observations farther into the polar regions. Many aerial and polar experts hold that an air-line thus established between the old world and the new would become a regular communication course, in the near future. Alaska will thus come into her own, and in this way, might gather population and stand as an Arctic service station to passing planes. It is said that the ZR-1 may get away by early June at which time the weather is calm and the daily temperature just above the freezing point. After her 6,000-mile flight from Lakehurst to Point Barrow, from which she is expected eventually to take off, there must be a period of final grooming, possibly a trial or two over the icefields. "And by the Fourth of July, 1924," so the article continues, "we should know an answer to the most thrilling of all man's geographical conundrums: Does a polar paradise exist and, if so, are the vanished Norsemen there?"

### The Lost Tribes of Israel and the Far North

The belief that the far north is inhabited by the ten tribes of Israel, more correctly speaking, the nine and one-half tribes, may be based on the statements of the Scriptures.

In the Apocrypha, II Esdras 12:23-42, we are told that these tribes were led away captive, by Shalmaneser, King of Assyria, carried over the water, and so came into another land. They took counsel among themselves that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, and go forth into another country where never mankind dwelt, that they might there keep their statutes which they never kept in their own land." (See also Romans 1:3-4.)

Jeremiah, speaking of the gathering of the remnants of Israel, in the last days exclaims: "Thus saith the Lord \* \* \* behold, I will bring them from the North country, and gather them from the coasts of the earth \* \* \* they shall come with weeping and supplication and I will lead them; I will cause them to walk by the rivers of waters in a straight way, \* \* \* He that scattered Israel will gather him, and keep him, as a shepherd doth his flock. \* \* \* I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts: and will be their God and they shall be my people." (Jer. 31:7, 8, 31-34; Hebrews 10:16, 17; Ezekiel, chapters 36 and 37.)

Further, this prophet says: "In those days the house of Judah shall walk with the house of Israel and they shall come together out of the land of the North to the land that I have given for an inheritance unto your fathers." (Jeremiah 3:18)

In the Book of Mormon the ten tribes are referred to, (I Nephi 15:12-13,) and we are told that Jesus shall speak unto the Jews and also to the other tribes of the house of Israel which have been led away, and they shall write it, and the Nephites and the Jews shall have the words of the lost tribes of Israel; and the lost tribes of Israel shall have the words of the Nephites and the Jews, showing that the day is coming when all the Holy Scriptures shall be known to all Israel.

Further, in the Book of Mormon, (III Nephi 16:1-3) the Lord says:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you that I have other sheep, which are not of this land, neither of the land of Jerusalem, neither in any parts of that land round about whither I have been to minister.

"For they of whom I speak are they who have not as yet heard my voice; neither have I at any time manifested myself unto them.

"But I have received a commandment of the Father that I shall go unto them, and that they shall hear my voice, and shall be numbered among my sheep, that there may be one fold and one shepherd; therefore I go to show myself unto them."

### Modern Revelation on the Subject

In one of the revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants, (Section 133: 26-34) we are told that they who are in the North country shall come in remembrance before the Lord, and their prophets shall hear his voice and shall no longer stay themselves; "and they shall smite the

rocks and the ice shall flow down at their presence." The North has been mentioned both in ancient and modern times as a place from which should be gathered Israel, and this had led to the understanding sometimes held that the lost tribes were located somewhere in the neighborhood of the North Pole. It should be understood that this is not a doctrine of the Church, but simply a theory that has been entertained and based upon the sayings of the prophets of Israel. However, the above quotation in the 133rd section of the Doctrine and Covenants is perhaps the most pertinent revelation concerning the location of the tribes in the north. This reference is in harmony with the predictions of the ancient prophets of Israel, and refers, as one may see plainly, to a body of people descended from the remnant of Israel, called the "lost tribes." The Latter-day Saints believe that a large majority of those who have gathered to Zion are of the house of Ephraim, the Lord's "first born," in the gospel of the latter days. (Jeremiah 31:9)

One of our articles of faith reads: "We believe in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this (the American) continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth; and, that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory."

In an article in the *Millennial Star* of November 4, 1909, President Charles W. Penrose closes the subject in these words:

"But the indications are that these 'outcasts of Israel' are to come from the north by the regions of ice to the boundaries of 'the everlasting hills,' which we understand to be the great chain of mountains reaching from the extreme north down to the south on the western continent, the land given to Joseph in the blessings pronounced by Jacob and by Moses. (Gen. 49:26; Deut. 33:13-17.) This, however, does not warrant the idea that they must necessarily come from a place in close proximity to the north pole, nor do the alleged 'discoveries' of that point by Dr. Cook and Lieut. Peary demonstrate that there is no undiscovered land, inhabited by tribes unknown to the rest of the world, in an extreme northern locality.

"The explorations in search of the north pole have proceeded from the western hemisphere. Reference to a terrestrial globe or to a map of the polar regions, will show that there is yet a vast undiscovered region between the pole and the eastern hemisphere and part of the western. We do not make any assertion that there are lands or people there located, but simply refer to this fact to show the possibility of literal fulfilment of ancient and modern prophecy on this subject. For, allowing full scope for the poetic imagery and hyperbolic phrases in oriental language, there is sufficient direct prophecy concerning the restoration of Israel to show that the actual return of the tribes, led away by the Lord into the north countries, will be brought about as described.

"The Lord's ways are often mysterious and wonderful and far above the thoughts of man, but his promises are sure and will all be fulfilled. We are living in the grandest of all dispensations, when Israel shall be gathered and Judah restored, and Christ will be revealed to 'reign in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem and before his ancients gloriously,' and all things in him shall be gathered in one. Let his Saints look for his appearing and his kingdom, and be prepared for the fulfilment of 'all things spoken of by the holy prophets since the world began,' by walking in his ways and keeping his commandments."

Referring also to these and other prophecies and commenting on them, President Charles W. Penrose, in an interesting article on the lost ten tribes in the *Improvement Era*, Vol. 13, pages 1084 to 1090, concludes with the following words:

"These revelations will, doubtless, be among the records which the tribes are to bring forth in the latterdays, and which are to be united with the Bible and the Book of Mormon, showing the dealings of God among these three separate sections of the house of Israel, bringing to pass the sayings of the prophets of old, and aiding in the consummation of the great work of the latterdays. Thus, while the gathering of scattered Israel is being partly fulfilled in the bringing in of people who are of the blood of Israel from the various nations where it was scattered, there is yet to come to pass the word of the Lord a portion of which is here cited, and we confidently look for its fulfilment as literally as that concerning the house of Joseph and their record, and the house of Judah and their record.

"We recommend students on this problem of the probable locality of a body of Israelites, and descendants of the tribes that escaped from Assyria, and concerning whom great promises have been made, to look at a globe showing the conformation and countries of the earth, about which something is known, or a plan of the earth's surface, exhibiting both hemispheres, and then, with the understanding that the Ten Tribes, in their journey from Assyria northward, passed through continental Europe away up to the regions of ice on that hemisphere, and they will see the possibility, even the probability of the existence of a body of people who will yet fulfil to the very letter the predictions of ancient prophets concerning their restoration in the latter days. This will detract nothing from the views held concerning the great work of gathering of the people who have been mixed among the Gentiles, and whom the Lord is gathering from the east, and the west, the north and the south, and giving them an inheritance in Zion."—A

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## The Three Men Entertained by Abraham

A number of inquiries have come to the *Improvement Era* concerning the appearance of the three personages to Abraham on the plains of Mamre as recorded in the eighteenth chapter of Genesis. As to the identity of these three individuals some elders and students are under the impression that it was the Lord who ate with Abraham. This has sometimes been taught, as a proof that our heavenly Father is a personage of tabernacle. President Charles W. Penrose in the course of his sermon at the Semi-annual General Conference, in October, 1923, answers the question in this way; he says:

"Many things are in the Book of Genesis, which, historically, were evidently traditions among the people, during the time from Adam down to the time of Moses, which was over twenty-four centuries—don't forget that—and many stories are told about things that occurred, and I fear that some of them are mingled together in the same chapter, different things occurring that are put in such a way that we sometimes are a little mistaken in our views concerning them. In regard to the manifestation of God to Abraham, there is no need to say that one of those three men of whom we read in Genesis 18, and who came to Abraham when he was sitting in his tent door in the heat of the day, and ate veal with him, was God Almighty. There is no need to

suppose that, and if you will read the chapter carefully you will find that God's conversation with Sarah and Abraham, at that time, might be entirely separated from the story of those three men. I merely mention that, now, because some of our elders are using that chapter as an argument to prove that our heavenly Father is a personage of tabernacle, and they can prove that without going to those narratives that are told there or elsewhere."

## MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

### Chicago Conference and Mission Office Force

The picture represents the elders of the Chicago conference and office force after the visit of Elder Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the twelve and President John H. Taylor to Palmyra. "We were very happy to have Brother Joseph Fielding Smith with us. He gave some very valuable instructions to the elders at this missionary meeting, and the elders an opportunity to ask questions which only someone well informed as he could answer. Sister Lucy Taylor, V. M. Jones, E. W. Wilde, and E. Roy Grant, make up the office force, aside from President Taylor. Sister Taylor is the president of the Northern States Mission Relief Societies. The work in Chicago is progressing nicely, considering the great number of people and the small number of workers. The sister missionaries have been holding cottage meetings and classes in some parts of the city, and a number of members have come into the Church as a result of their very efficient work as teachers of the gospel."—*John H. Taylor.*



Chicago conference and mission office force. Left to right, bottom row: Rachel Grant Taylor, mission president of Relief Societies; S. E. Flake, conference president, Snowflake, Arizona; Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve; John H. Taylor, mission president; Emma L. Taylor, Salt Lake City. Second row: Agnes Peterson, Bountiful, Utah; V. M. Jones, mission secretary, Dayton, Idaho; Paul Fawson, Grantsville; Edna Scorup, Provo; W. Everett Wilde, statistical clerk, Oakley, Idaho; A. Fontell Peterson, Glenwood, Utah. Top row: Eldon Payne, Provo; Effie M. Chadwick,

Yost, Utah; L. F. Randall, Idaho Falls; E. Roy Grant, tithing clerk, Woods Cross; David F. Hart, Rigby, Idaho; Lucy Taylor, stenographer.

## A New Branch in Ithica

We have a thriving branch of the Church in Ithaca, New York, consisting of eight families, from among the graduate students of Cornell University. We have three services each Sunday, Sunday School, Sacrament meeting and Mutual, and have been privileged to hold our meetings in Barne's Hall, one of the University buildings. We consider an organized and functioning branch of the Church a great boon and blessing. We are informed by the missionaries that, though many Latter-day Saint students have been here in the past, this is the first time a branch has been organized. We look forward with fond anticipation and pleasure to the receipt of the *Improvement Era* and the *Deseret News*."—J. O. Ellsworth.

## In the Mexican Mission

Elder Thomas M. Reese reports four missionaries now laboring in El Paso, Texas, in the English speaking part of the Mexican mission. They are, from left to right, back row: Hyrum P. Jones, Lehi; Thomas M. Reese, Salt Lake City. Front row: Grace Linton, Provo; Alissa M. Manning, Garland, Utah. Elder Reese, who has been laboring there a little more than two



years was sixteen months without a companion. Seventeen new members have joined the Church during the last two years and many friends and investigators have been found. "We canvass from house to house, hold a few cottage meetings, and some attend the Sunday services of the flourishing little ward of the Church we have in El Paso. There is, however, a spirit of indifference among the people who seem to be satisfied with what they have, but we have little active opposition. El Paso is a very good field to labor in, though the climate is very warm in the summer, but delightful at other times. A flourishing ward of the Church here makes life agreeable for the missionaries."—T. M. Reese.



# Priesthood Quorums

## Native Tongan Worker Advanced in Priesthood



Tupou Martin Hettig, exemplary young man of the Tongan mission, who was recently advanced to the office of teacher, having been a deacon for some length of time. President Mark V. Coombs of the Tongan mission writes: "We are very proud of this self-made man. He has never been out of Tonga, yet, by taking advantage of spare moments he has acquired an enviable education, and but fifteen years of age now, he is self-supporting and his father's right hand man. His father recently said, 'I like my boy to associate with you young men, (speaking of the elders of the mission), for you are clean and wholesome and I would like my son to be like you.' It might be mentioned in passing that Tupou's father

er. Mr. Hettig, is not a member of the Church, but he acknowledges the superiority of our young elders over the usual run of youth."

## Why I am a Deacon

At the Lesser Priesthood convention held in the Salt Lake Stake on Monday, November 26, 1923, Carl Huhl, a son of Bishop Charles W. Huhl, of the Nineteenth ward, gave a short and pertinent paper on this topic, which may be taken as a sample of hundreds that are uttered in conventions and meetings the Church over.

He said, among other things, "I am a deacon because I am a Latter-day Saint. I thank God for the privilege of being born in this time in which Christ, our Savior, has again restored his gospel and his holy Priesthood and organized his Church for the salvation of all men, whosoever will believe in Christ and obey his gospel. I am thankful I am born of Latter-day Saint parents. Through their teachings and the teachings I have received

in Sunday School, Primary, and Religion Class, I have received an understanding of God our heavenly Father, and of Jesus Christ, his Son, our Redeemer and Savior, and of his gospel restored again through Joseph Smith, the prophet of God. \* \* \* Every boy who lives in faith and obedience to the gospel receives the office of deacon at the age of twelve years when called by proper authority. This is an office of the Aaronic or Lesser Priesthood which is conferred by the laying on of hands by those in authority. I am thankful that I am a deacon in the Church, for the Priesthood is the power of God vested in man by which man becomes an agent of God to officiate in his name in the ordinances of the gospel. \* \* \* I enjoy our weekly quorum meetings. \* \* \* The deacons in our ward assist in passing the sacrament, and on Fast days, every deacon present in Sunday school receives one or two fast-offering cards on which are eight to twelve names of families living in the ward which we visit and solicit for their fast offerings. The amount which we receive from each name is recorded on the cards. These fast offerings and names we take and deliver to him who takes care of the fast offerings in the fast meeting. I enjoy the duties of the work of a deacon, and pray that I may be faithful and worthy of receiving the blessings pertaining to eternal life."

Patriarch William Jex of Spanish Fork, ninety-three year old Indian war veteran, in opening his address to the student body of the Brigham Young university, in November, said,



William Jex, age past 92 years, in June, 1923, one of the Indian war veterans who took part in the Diamond Creek battle, standing by the side of the monument with a flag in his hand.

"There is one thing I know that some of you may not know. I know that God lives!" The declaration, coming as it did from a man of Patriarch Jex's experience, was thrilling in its intensity, and undoubtedly left a lasting impression upon the minds who heard him. According to President Emeritus George H. Brimhall, who introduced the speaker, Mr. Jex has been closely connected with seventy-four weddings, is the father of fifteen children, has 166 grandchildren, 196 great-grandchildren, and seven great-great-grandchildren. He numbers among his posterity 300 living persons and 84 persons who have died. Mr. Jex, a veteran of the Indian wars, is a survivor of the Diamond Creek battle which occurred June 20, 1866, in Diamond Creek, an offshoot

of Spanish Fork canyon. The photograph shows Patriarch Jex beside the stone monument that has been placed to mark the battle ground.—H. R. Merrill.

# Mutual Work

## Instructions to Stake and Ward Committees on Recreation\*

The fundamental purpose of recreation as set forth in Bulletin No. 1 on Recreation is to develop Latter-day Saints. The making of money is not the primary object. It is found that not infrequently the most desirable standards are difficult to establish, but the fixing of these is a moral necessity. Serious effort on the part of the leaders of the community, and the cooperation of the home, the auxiliary organizations and all Church institutions, in order to establish moral sentiments and habits of culture, are not only desirable but essential.

The warmth of emotion created in social functions and the moving picture show sinks deeply into the moral life of our young people. If, for instance, we consider first of all the standards of a party itself, if we consider always the moral objectives which we have set up for ourselves, and if we judge a party successful because of the high quality of its music, the aesthetic appeal of the decoration, the sympathetic and congenial atmosphere of the group, the dignified conduct of the individuals, the dancing party actually becomes a factor for moral uplift and an enterprise which utilizes the pleasure-seeking instinct for spiritual and moral purposes.

When there are general calls made upon an auxiliary organization, or there are special needs in the community, such as missionary farewells, etc., which, in the mind of the bishopric of the ward and the executive officers of the various organizations, cannot be met in ways other than through recreational activities, we suggest that the matter be carefully considered and the organization be permitted to give an entertainment for that purpose. There should be no other function in a community to conflict with this. The committee on Recreation should be directly responsible as in all other parties for the standards maintained. When such needs are clearly recognized by all the organizations and agreed upon by them in meeting of the executive officers, there will be no occasion for dissatisfaction. On the other hand, a real opportunity will be created for cooperation. All such needs should be clearly investigated at the beginning of the season, or at the time when the budget is being prepared.

The budget system is conceded the best method for financing Recreation and the following general recommendations are made:

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\*Approved by the First Presidency and the Executive Heads of All the Auxiliary Organizations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

1. That a budget be prepared to cover the expenses of recreation in the ward. (Not general ward maintenance.)

2. That this budget be prepared tentatively by the ward committee on Recreation and submitted to the Executive Ward Officers of the M. I. A. who will in turn present it to the Bishopric and the executive heads of the auxiliary organizations for consideration and final approval. This same group under the direction of the Bishopric should have charge of the distribution of the funds.

3. That this budget cover the expenses of such activities only as are open to the entire membership of the ward. Activities which are limited to membership of the group, such as those for the officers of organizations, "M" Men, Gleaners, Boy Scouts, Bee-Hive Girls, etc., where all members of the ward are not invited, should be financed by the persons or organizations concerned.

4. The charges for dances, moving pictures, and other activities should be agreed upon by the members of the committee and approved by the Bishopric and the executive officers of the auxiliary organizations.

5. A like plan could be arranged for the stake.

In view of the fact that many organizations are not sufficiently conversant with their financial needs and financial resources for recreation, it is suggested that when the above plan is not feasible, that for the present a partial budget system be worked out as follows:

1. The general Recreation fund is to be cared for by some one well qualified; appointed by the bishopric and the executive heads.

2. That the total (net) proceeds of all Recreational activities given for the ward as a whole by the various organizations shall be divided equally between the organization giving the affair and the general recreation fund. This will stimulate the interest of organizations on the general recreation fund.

3. Once every three months a financial statement should be made at an executive meeting, covering all ward auxiliary receipts, disbursements and balances. At any time if additional funds are needed by local organizations for emergency use, and the funds are available, they may be apportioned from the General Recreation Fund with consent of Bishopric and executive heads.

4. The general fund may also be used to finance such free community activities as may be undertaken.

5. When general ward Recreational activities are conducted by the Recreation Committee, all the revenue should go into the General Fund.

#### *Additional Suggestions on the Year-Round Recreation Program*

(See also Recreation Bulletin No. 1)

It is understood that the various quorums of the Priesthood and also the stake and ward choirs be given opportunity with all the auxiliary associations to participate in the year-round program.

At the meeting of the executive officers the various auxiliary organizations, quorums of priesthood, and choir, will be given as far as possible a place and time and activity in the schedule of the year-round program. This implies that any organization that so desires may furnish at least once during the year, a recreation program for the ward. It is suggested that once a year all these organizations combine and with the assistance of the Recreation Committee, put on a big ward festival, carnival or fair.

It is also suggested that several times during the year a free Recreation feature—dance, drama, musical, opera or other activity—be provided by the Recreation Committee, the expense of the same to be paid by the General fund.

In some wards other Recreational activities may be included in the year-round program.

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## Monthly Message to the "M" Men

BY THOMAS A. BEAL, MEMBER OF THE GENERAL BOARD

### XIII.—Thrift

In a recent pamphlet published by the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States he says: "Every boy must have certain assets to achieve success—not material assets alone, but assets of character, and among the most important of these are ambition, industry, personality and thrift."

Thrift, though the last of the assets of character mentioned by the Secretary, is not necessarily the least important. To save part of what one earns is a vital element in a successful life. Saving is necessary to accumulate capital. Only by spending less than one earns is one likely to get ahead. In fact, thrift means spending less than one earns. In other words, saving systematically. No one ever got ahead without saving part of his income. Hoarding, however, is not saving; parsimony is not economy. Thrift does not mean to stop spending. Thrift means abstaining from spending for things one could well afford to go without and putting one's savings to work. Interest is a premium paid for saving. Prudence must be exercised in the management of what one has if one expects to succeed. Thrift means good management, *i. e.*, the economic use of one's resources. Lack of thrift leads often to the common tragedies of life. To the plant life, thrift means vigorous growth, so with people in more ways than one.

The American people must learn sooner or later to save. Because we have had abundance we have been extravagant. France, it is said, could live on what we waste. We must learn to know the value of things; to practice economy, or sooner or later we will be poor.

In order to cultivate thrift, we must learn to distinguish between luxuries and necessities, and not let our judgments be swayed by the seeming pleasures of the moment. Know what you buy before you buy it. Weigh your expenditures. Investigate and study values. Regulate your income and outgo so as to have something on hand for the future, and also have some definite plan as to how to use it. Andrew Carnegie said: "The best way to accumulate money is to resolutely bank a fixed proportion of your income, no matter how small the amount." There is no doubt but what the regularity of deposits is the secret of success. Do not gamble or speculate on mining stock, or oil stock, or discoveries or inventions, or tips, or real estate in some distant place. Look before you leap. If you have

been fortunate enough to save some of your earnings, there are many good things in which to invest. Bonds are usually safer than stocks, though they are not always safe investments; it depends on the security. They are generally rated according to safety, marketability, regularity of interest, risk, etc., and in the following order: Government bonds, State and City bonds, Railroad bonds, Public Utilities and Industrials. Savings accounts are also safe investments. As a rule the safer the investment the lower the rate of interest because the risk is less. If we will reduce risk in our business transactions and practice economy and thrift, the outcome will be prosperity, wealth and happiness.

## Flag Pole Presented

The M. I. A. scout troop, number 11, Richards ward, Salt Lake Council, B. S. A., presented the ward with a staunch pipe flag pole, sixty feet high, with a beautiful bronze ball on the top. This pole is set in a cement base. The work of building the pole and setting it was done by the scouts, and it is erected on the southwest corner of the ward meetinghouse, the corner of



which is shown to the extreme right of the picture. Bishop J. A. Rockwood, in behalf of the ward, presented to the troop a beautiful wool flag, 6x10 feet. Just after the morning Sunday school on Sunday, Dec. 2., 1923, an appropriate and inspiring program was given by the troop. This worthy event should prove an impetus to other troops throughout the Church to do a like service for their wards.

## Stake Superintendents

The following new stake superintendents for the Y. M. M. I. A. have been appointed: Wayne stake, Vernon L. Snow; Mt. Ogden stake, Charles C. Carr, Parowan stake, Moroni J. Urie; Sevier stake, Frederick H. Gunn.

## Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report November, 1923

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Attendance Senior	Junior Attendance	Total
Bear River	488	12	9	72	141	102	97	412	48	69	54	58	229
Beaver	289	5	4	34	54	34	68	190	29	52	37	58	176
Benson	562	13	12	115	93	150	162	520	74	52	77	114	317
Box Elder	800	13	13	109	261	131	225	726	74	184	81	138	477
Cache	520	8	8	90	60	100	160	410	70	55	65	108	298
Carbon	360	9	8	62	180	112	130	484	50	83	69	82	284
Cottonwood	657	10	10	100	123	157	239	619	81	76	102	185	444
Deseret	418	11	9	80	198	95	143	516	53	113	59	83	308
Emery	555	11	8	64	51	134	143	392	55	35	110	118	318
Ensign	721	7	5	53	86	101	176	416	40	49	62	139	290
Granite	1950	16	16	164	147	271	595	1177	140	86	220	455	901
Gunnison	280	7	6	40	70	49	73	232	32	50	38	53	173
Hyrum	500	10	9	81	100	81	150	412	54	57	52	87	250
Juab	354	5	5	50	107	93	164	414	42	77	79	112	310
Kanab	222	6	2	11	8		26	45	9	5		33	47
Liberty	1227	11	11	117	197	272	415	1001	106	120	174	290	690
Logan	608	11	11	108	89	104	212	513	83	63	69	146	361
Millard	338	9	7	47	95	49	112	303	35	80	35	70	220
Mount Ogden	531	6	6	53	90	108	201	452	48	54	18	132	312
Nebo	968	15	14	105	133	199	213	650	77	79	123	134	413
North Davis	445	8	8	59	51	70	142	322	43	25	35	93	196
North Sanpete	758	10	9	77	90	135	265	567	58	62	97	149	366
North Weber	686	17	14	105	55	186	213	559	83	24	105	131	343
Oquirrh	460	5	5	55	87	111	116	369	53	78	93	93	317
Pioneer	760	10	10	95	74	174	198	541	81	45	124	142	392
Roosevelt	319	11	11	84	74	82	104	344	62	51	53	78	244
St. George	644	15	13	106	215	168	217	706	76	149	103	147	475
Salt Lake	1078	12	12	125	85	136	300	646	104	62	99	237	502
San Juan	198	5	4	36	56	45	90	227	27	52	34	58	171
Sevier	366	6	6	56	58	74	119	307	40	49	44	64	197
South Davis	513	8	7	61	65	96	159	381	47	40	61	111	259
South Sanpete	468	7	7	68	82	107	123	380	53	48	61	99	261
Summit	421	12	9	59	59	109	143	370	45	37	73	82	237
Tintic	258	5	4	29	52	57	58	196	23	32	32	37	124
Uintah	426	9	8	54	67	107	94	322	36	31	70	59	696
Wasatch	386	9	7	44	72	73	78	267	35	51	47	53	186
Weber	685	8	8	79	74	120	184	457	62	45	71	126	304
Bannock	257	8	5	38	58	31	56	183	31	42	21	36	130
Bear Lake	395	11	9	68	75	87	134	364	53	42	45	86	226
Bingham	590	11	9	81	147	72	116	416	49	94	62	80	285
Blackfoot	533	10	7	63	79	73	72	287	41	60	45	39	185





## Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report (Continued)

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Program	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in M. I. A. Programs	State and Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Mgs. or T.-T. Classes	Total
Kanab	2	10	2	---	4	3	---	4	2	2	29
Liberty	8	10	10	9	10	9	8	10	10	8	92
Logan	8	10	10	10	10	9	5	10	10	10	92
Millard	9	10	10	---	10	5	10	10	5	8	78
Mount Ogden	9	10	10	10	10	9	8	10	10	8	94
Nebo	7	10	8	9	9	6	4	9	9	5	76
North Davis	7	6	9	10	10	8	6	10	10	8	84
North Sanpete	8	9	8	10	10	8	6	10	8	9	86
North Weber	8	9	7	6	8	8	5	8	7	7	73
Oquirrh	8	10	10	7	10	10	9	10	9	6	89
Pioneer	7	10	10	6	10	9	6	9	10	8	85
Roosevelt	10	10	10	5	10	9	9	10	9	7	89
St. George	10	10	6	6	9	8	6	10	6	5	76
Salt Lake	6	10	10	10	10	8	7	9	10	10	90
San Juan	10	10	10	6	10	8	3	10	8	6	81
Sevier	8	6	10	3	10	9	7	10	8	9	80
South Davis	7	10	9	5	10	7	5	9	10	10	82
South Sanpete	8	10	10	10	10	9	6	9	10	8	90
Summit	9	9	9	4	8	7	5	8	9	6	74
Tintic	8	5	10	5	10	9	8	10	10	9	84
Uintah	7	10	10	2	10	6	2	10	5	5	58
Wasatch	7	10	7	6	10	7	6	9	10	9	81
Weber	7	10	8	9	10	7	5	10	9	9	84
Bannock	7	10	10	4	10	4	3	10	10	6	74
Bear Lake	9	6	8	8	7	8	5	7	7	5	70
Bingham	7	10	7	8	10	7	6	8	7	7	77
Blackfoot	5	6	4	5	7	8	3	7	7	5	57
Boise	7	10	7	4	9	8	5	9	9	4	72
Curlew	6	10	4	2	3	3	3	2	2	1	36
Franklin	8	6	6	4	7	6	5	6	4	4	56
Fremont	10	10	10	10	10	7	5	10	9	8	89
Idaho	9	10	9	6	10	9	7	10	7	4	81
Lost River	10	10	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	5	90
Malad	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	7	9	95
Montpelier	9	6	7	3	8	8	4	8	7	6	66
Pocatello	9	10	9	5	9	4	5	9	---	5	65
Portneuf	7	5	6	1	7	6	1	10	5	5	53
Raft River	6	10	1	1	4	5	2	6	1	2	38
Rigby	6	9	7	8	9	4	5	6	7	2	63
Alberta	10	6	7	8	7	5	5	8	6	4	66
Juarez	10	10	10	8	10	10	5	8	8	10	89
Lethbridge	10	10	7	7	7	6	10	10	10	10	87
Los Angeles	10	10	10	3	10	5	9	9	10	10	86
Moapa	10	7	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	6	92
St. Joseph	10	9	8	5	8	8	5	9	7	7	76
Star Valley	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	4	92
Taylor	8	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	9	9	95
Union	10	10	10	5	10	10	2	10	10	8	85
Young	10	10	10	---	10	10	3	10	10	5	78

# Passing Events

*The candidacy of President Coolidge for the next presidential election*, was announced in Washington, Dec. 9, after a luncheon at the White House. It was also announced that Mr. Wm. Butler will be his campaign manager. The Republican convention will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, Chicago having withdrawn from the contest.

*American experts will co-operate with European authorities* in an effort to solve the German reparations problem. President Coolidge, Dec. 11, issued a statement in which he said the administration would favor an unofficial representation of America on the proposed commission of inquiry.

*Koreans cruelly put to death* during the recent earthquake in Japan is the charge made by Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins and filed with the American state department at Washington. Americans, it is claimed, witnessed the burning alive of 250 Koreans. (See p. 128, 2nd paragraph, *Improvement Era*, Dec., 1923.

*Two Utah Senators on the U. S. Senate Committee in finances*, is the distinguished honor that came to this state, Dec. 10, when Senator Smoot was made chairman and Senator King a member of that committee. Seldom, if ever before, has any state had two members on this most important committee.

*R. E. Shepherd, Jerome, Idaho*, is the new head of the Western States Reclamation Association, elected at the annual convention of that body at the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce, Nov. 19. He succeeds former Governor D. W. Davis, of Idaho, now commissioner of reclamation in the U. S. government.

*The Revolution in Mexico* against the Obregon government seems to be gaining in force. The Mexican government began a campaign for recruits Dec. 11. On the same date a report from Paris said that there was talk in diplomatic circles of bringing "pressure" upon the United States to intervene in Mexico if the Obregon government is overthrown.

*Can acquired characteristics be inherited* by children from parents? Dr. Paul Kammerer, biologist of the University of Vienna, who arrived in New York, Nov. 27, to begin an American tour, says this is quite possible. His opinion is that prohibition of alcoholic beverages will result in the production of a subsequent generation with no craving for intoxicants.

*The tomb of Tutankhamen*, in the Valley of the Kings, Egypt, was opened again, by Howard Carter, an American Egyptologist, Nov. 18. Mr. Carter is in charge of the expedition which has entered the valley to complete the work of discovery begun under the direction of the late Lord Carnarvon. Important historical information, it is hoped, will be found in the sepulchral chamber.

*San Juan stake presidency was reorganized*, Nov. 25, owing to the death of President Lemuel H. Redd. Elder Wayne H. Redd was appointed stake president, with Alfred R. Lyman and Oscar W. McConkle as counselors. Benjamin D. Black was sustained as patriarch. The bishoprics of the Blanding and Monticello wards were also reorganized. President Rudger Clawson and Elder Melvin J. Ballard attended the conference.

*Dr. Wilhelm Marx* was made chancellor of Germany, Nov. 29, to succeed Herr Stresemann who resigned, Nov. 23. Dr. Marx is the leader of the Clerical party, and his cabinet is a three-party coalition. Herr Siegfried Hardorff was first invited to take the chancellorship. He failed to form a cabinet. Dr. Heinrich F. Albert then tried and failed. Dr. Marx, it seems, was more successful. Herr Stresemann entered the new cabinet as minister of foreign affairs.

*Rt. Rev. Bishop Joseph S. Glass*, Salt Lake City, celebrated the 25th anniversary of his appointment to the office of a bishop in the Church of Rome, Nov. 14, by gorgeous ceremonies. The festivities closed with a banquet at Hotel Utah, where toasts were made, first to the pope, then to the President of the United States, and then to less prominent celebrities. A sermon was delivered by the archbishop of San Francisco, and congratulatory messages were received from near and far.

*Elder Paul Henning*, died at Oaxaca, Mexico, some day in the latter part of October, 1923, according to a notice in the *Deutsche Zeitung von Mexiko*, of Nov. 15. He was a native of the province of Brandenburg, Germany, and received a good education, having attended first the university at Berlin and then at Zurich. He was at one time connected with the University of Utah. His later years he spent in archaeological and ethnological research in Mexico and Central America, and has contributed many valuable collections to various museums.

*Mrs. Mary Louise Crismon*, pioneer of 1848, died in Salt Lake City, November 18, 1923. A daughter of Sydney and Louis Tanner, she was born in Clay county, Missouri, in 1837; entered Salt Lake Valley in 1848, moved to San Bernardino, California, in 1850, and married the late George Crismon, returning in 1858 to Salt Lake City where she has resided ever since. Funeral services were held in the Eighteenth ward chapel on the 20th of November under direction of Bishop T. H. Clawson.

*The death of George S. Moore*, Provo, at the age of 93 years was announced Dec. 9. Mr. Moore was born at Walsall, Staffordshire, England, April 6, 1830. When a young man he joined the Church and in 1861 immigrated to Utah, crossing the plains with Captain Joseph Young's ox team company. He settled in Provo, where he lived for more than fifty years. For ten years he lived at Wallsburg, Wasatch county. For more than thirty years he was employed at the Smoot Lumber Company's mills in Provo.

*Mrs. Elizabeth Sharp Naisbitt* died Dec. 9, at the family home, 465 Third Ave., Salt Lake City. A week ago her husband, Harry George Naisbitt, succumbed to heart failure, and the demise of Mrs. Naisbitt is held by friends to have been due to the untimely death of her husband. Mrs. Naisbitt was born March 16, 1864, at Salt Lake and was a daughter of the late Jean Patterson Sharp and Bishop John Sharp, who was one of the first bishops of the Twentieth ward.

*Governor J. C. Walton*, of Oklahoma was removed from office, Nov. 19, by unanimous vote of the state senate court of impeachment, after his trial on charges of corruption in office, neglect of duty, moral turpitude and general incompetency. No evidence for the defense was presented, the ex-governor having withdrawn earlier in the proceedings when the court declined to hear the statement of the defense, relative to the operations of the Ku Klux Klan. An appeal, it was stated, will be made.

*The Rhineland* was visited by a wave of violence, Nov. 22, and hundreds of persons were reported killed or wounded. Communists, Separatists, anti-Separatists, peasants and police were involved in the fighting.

Looting and destruction of property followed. The rioting began at Hagen, in Prussian Westphalia, when a mob of half-grown men marched the streets shouting, "Hoch, Rosa Luxemburg!" Rosa was at one time the ringleader of German women communists. Many Separatists were clubbed to death.

*The Rhodes Scholarship* has been awarded Mr. Harold Hess Davis, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Davis, 316 Douglas Av., Salt Lake City. This announcement was made Dec. 9 by Frank E. Holman, secretary of the state Rhodes Scholarship committee. Davis, who was graduated from Stanford University last year and who is at present teaching in a high school at Rigby, Idaho, will leave next summer for Oxford, England, where he will begin three years of study at the university. The scholarship carries with it a financial grant of £350 annually, or a total of about \$5000.

*Former Bishop Henry B. Elder, Second ward, Salt Lake City, died* at his home, Nov. 26, at the age of 60. Bishop Elder was born in Salt Lake November 18, 1863, and had lived in this city his entire life. He was an active worker in the Church. From 1902 to 1904 he filled a mission to the Southern states under the presidency of the late Ben E. Rich. In 1919 he was called to the bishopric of the Second ward, remaining in this office until September 25, 1921, when he was released on account of ill health. He was one of the founders of the Lund school for boys.

*The Monroe Doctrine.* A letter from President Coolidge was published Dec. 2 in which he expressed his approval of the celebration of the centenary of the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine. The letter, together with extracts from the Doctrine was read in the schools, Dec. 3. The so-called Monroe Doctrine was promulgated by James Monroe, President of the United States, Dec. 2, 1823. It declares the American continent closed for foreign colonization and also that foreign interference with any independent government would be considered as a hostile act against the United States.

*The time set for the submitting of peace plans to Mr. Bok's American peace award, expired Nov. 15.* It was announced that 21,165 plans had been received, and that 21 foreign countries were represented in spite of the fact that only Americans are eligible for the prize award. The jury of award, of which Mr. Elihu Root is the chairman, had been at work for a month on Nov. 15 analyzing the plans, but the decision will not be announced before January 1. In January the award policy committee will conduct a referendum in which the nation-wide "yeas" and "no" vote will be obtained on the plan selected.

*Patriarch Israel Barlow died* at his home, in Salt Lake City, Nov. 26, at the age of 82 years. He was one of the early pioneers of Utah. He was born in Nauvoo, Ill., in 1842, and arrived in Utah six years later, in the company led by Horton Haight. He filled three missions and three of his sons filled two mission each. Ten years after the death of his wife, Annie Yates Barlow, in 1901, Mr. Barlow married Miss Mary Beebe, who survives him as do eight daughters, four sons and 150 other descendants. Funeral services were held Wednesday, November 28 in the East Bountiful tabernacle.

*The first payment of the sugar companies to the farmers on the 15th of November netted the latter about \$4,500,000.* This was the first payment of \$5.50 a ton. The farmers will also share on a profit-sharing basis of 48-52 division. If the sugar continues at its present price throughout the coming year the sugarbeet farmers of Utah and Idaho will receive approximately \$12,500,000 for their share, it is stated. It is estimated that about 4,500,000 one-hundred-pound bags of sugar will be manufactured by the

various companies during the present season, an estimated increase of about 25% over the production last year.

*Congress convened Dec. 3.* On Dec. 5, Representative Frederick H. Gillett of Massachusetts, was re-elected speaker of the House, an agreement having been reached between the leaders of the "insurgent" Republicans and the regulars. On the 6th, President Coolidge delivered his first message to Congress. He defined the foreign policy of the United States, recommended adherence to the World Court with reservations; did not favor cancellation of war debts owed to the United States; urged economy in governmental expenditures, disapproved war taxes; argued against tariff revision; asked for "adequate" military legislation; declared against a bonus; supported tax reduction, and discussed a number of other questions.

*William Burdette Folsom, passed away,* Nov 27, at his home in Salt Lake City. He was born in Nauvoo, Ill., and came to Salt Lake City in 1860. For sixty years he has been a member of the Fourteenth ward. He worked as a carpenter during the construction of the Salt Lake theatre and did special work in the building of the Manti temple. He was of an inventive mind and patented several devices. Mr. Folsom was the son of William H. Folsom and a brother of Amelia Folsom Young, Hyrum P. Folsom, Hinman D. Folsom, Mrs. L. J. Brown and Mrs. George Wallace. The following sons and daughters survive him: Daniel E., Mrs. J. B. Ferguson and Miss Catherine Folsom of Salt Lake; Mrs. E. T. Hatch and Mrs. David Moss of Wood Cross and J. B. Folsom of Kansas City, Mo., Funeral services were held in the Fourteenth ward, Sunday, Dec. 2.

*Mrs. Hannah B. Winter passed away* Dec. 6, at the family home, after an illness of eight weeks, 52 years of age. She is the wife of Arthur Winter, who is well known having been connected with the office of the First Presidency in various capacities for a number of years. He is at present secretary of the Church board of education, in addition to other important positions in the Church. Sister Winter was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bytheway and in 1883 came to Salt Lake, where she had lived ever since. She is the mother of eight children, two of whom survive her—Miss Rose Winter and Mrs. Ruth McDonald. She also is survived by her husband and two brothers and four sisters—Benjamin Bytheway, Thomas Bytheway, Mrs. Maria Fellows, Mrs. Alice B. McDonald, Mrs. Rebecca Wilson and Mrs. Sarah Jane Charvoz. Funeral services were held in the Eighteenth ward chapel, Dec. 9.

*Dr. Martin Perry Henderson, of the B. Y. U., Provo, passed away.* Nov. 8, at his home in that city. He was born at Clifton, Idaho, Dec. 29, 1874, the son of Martin and Susan Henderson, both of whom still reside in that city. He attended the Oneida stake academy at Preston, Idaho, the Brigham Young University, and the University of Utah. He graduated from the latter institution in 1911 with the degree of bachelor of arts. He continued his studies at the University of Wisconsin, receiving a Ph. D. degree in 1914. He accepted an instructorship in the faculty of the Oregon Agricultural college, and one year later came to the Brigham Young university, accepting the chair of professor of biology. He was chosen dean of the college of arts and science when it was created, and he held this position until his death. In Church life Dr. Henderson was a leader. He filled a mission in Germany, and was an active worker in the affairs of the Manavu ward. He is survived by his wife, Ellen Clark Henderson; two sons, Clark and Irwin and two brothers and four sisters.

## Editions of Nov. and Dec. Exhausted

All the numbers of the *Era* for these months are sold. Subscriptions may begin with January, or any month following. Send now to be sure of your number.

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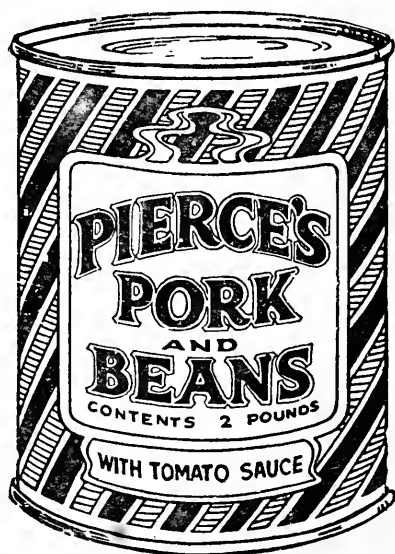
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